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Vol. CLXXII No. 2242 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 9 1943

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Volume CLXXII No. 2242 The SPHERE, London, January 9, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE FIRST BRITISH WOMEN TO ENTER BENGHAZI AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE EIGHTH ARMY: Three Queen Alexandra Nursing Sisters in their battle-dress on the water-front of the harbour

Now that the tide of battle has flowed past Benghazi, this important Cyrenaican town is rapidly being repaired, and its harbour being cleared to receive supply vessels from Egypt and to act as an advance base for the Eighth Army now operating in Tripolitania. The water-front was badly damaged as a result of Allied air attacks over a period of many months before the occupation; and the wrecks of Italian supply ships litter its roadsteads. But sappers and labour battalions are hard at work, and supplies are already streaming in. The three Nursing Sisters seen in the above picture were the first British women to reach Benghazi since its occupation. They came, not in their well-known uniform of grey and red, but in khaki slacks, shirts and battle-dress blouses. Their work will be to aid in the Field Hospitals caring for Allied and enemy soldiers alike

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 175

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

"Annus Mirabilis."—We shall no doubt set up 1943, -4 or -5 as *annus mirabilis*, the year of victory and peace. I shall still put forward the superior claims of 1942. For never in any year we have known has a blacker "worst turned the best to the brave." I won't go into historical details. I note in my own diary that the week of February which ended with Valentine's Day marked the nadir of our depression, the culmination of Singapore and the Channel fiasco. Even then, and even so, no one despaired, in high place or humble. We were bombing Germany severely and planning enormous strategic coups. In the last week of April Hitler tried to reply with his reprisal or "Baedeker" raids, and that form of reprisal, I think, gave us a first hint of his new weakness. As summer drew nearer, we began our intensive Home Guard training fortnight and found time even to open our gardens to the public and entertain friends among the flowers. And then June brought the setback and mental misery of Tobruk and the danger to Alexandria. There was little enough in the months which followed to cheer us through the long, daily hours of toil in gardens, the labours of harvest, the regular, abnormal routine of war work and Home Guard training. There were no holidays, no change of scene or occupation, no change in the aspect of the war which was grim enough—until the month with a "V" in it came round. November 5 brought great news from Cairo. November 8 brought great news from French North Africa. And then Russia opened a new box of miracles, apparently inexhaustible, and 1942 proved its claim to be *annus mirabilissimus*. Our world was transformed. We had broken, if not wrested away, the rod of the oppressor, as in the day of Gideon. The *annus mirabilissimus* was a dream year; a nightmare year, if you will. But before it ended, we woke up and the morning sunshine was streaming in through the window and thrushes were singing in the apple-trees and cheerful sounds of activity drifted in from the Home Farm. We took up warm life again.

The Year of Victory.—The New Year is still young enough for a word on good resolutions. I do not prophesy that 1943 will bring us a cessation of hostilities in Europe. I feel more confidence that it will bring to our hands the certain seeds of victory; and that before the "V" month (November) comes round again. Already the bitter lessons are learned. War is shown up to all at last for what it is; and suffering and trial can teach no more. If the aggressor has not learned, if the weak, the selfish, the self-interested, the lazy-minded, have not applied the lessons of the past decades to their hearts, there is nothing further which that hard school can teach them. But I cannot think that the human race has not learned enough to graduate. We in Britain (to go no farther afield) have proved progress. We have learned the follies of extravagance, of self-seeking, of political apathy, of social apathy. We have learned something of the meaning of citizenship, of brotherhood, of Christianity, of personal, national and international responsibility, of duty, sacrifice, justice and decency. We have found our souls, in finding a noble cause for which to fight and sacrifice our personal ambitions and private hopes. If we can but keep that cause before our eyes when the fighting is over, and fight for it with the weapons of peace, not less strenuously and unselfishly, the peace will be won as surely as the war. But a great cause calls for greatness of mind, no less than greatness of heart. In the darkest hour we fought like men. Let us resolve in the year of victory to fight like men still. But let us not only fight, but work and, above all, speak and write like Christians and gentlemen. The heroism and dignity of our fighting men deserve no less.

SELECTING THE BOMBING TARGETS FOR THE R.A.F. IN EUROPE. Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, Commander-in-Chief of Bomber Command, goes through the air photographs of important towns before deciding on the next R.A.F. European target. With him are Air Vice-Marshal R. H. M. S. Saundby and Air Commodore R. Harrison (Senior and Deputy Air Staff Officers)

The Russian Offensive.—These Russian offensives are surprising more nations than Germany. We know now that their nature and results differ vitally from the offensive of last winter directed from Moscow. Let us be frank about the subject. Those of us who during the past years have kept and tabled the daily and weekly "bags" in killed, wounded, prisoners, tanks, guns and aeroplanes, announced by the Soviet authorities, have often been puzzled by the figures and the speed and exactitude of the counting, made often within a few hours and in obliterating snow. We perhaps suspect that propaganda in the past has been an instrument of war accepted as such by Military Headquarters as by civil departments of the State in Russia. But the offensives of this winter are another story. We have a check by a study of the map, and we have a surer proof in the tale of prisoners. It is clear enough now that the German armies are being relentlessly pushed back all along the vast line and are losing invaluable defence lines, territories on which they had come to depend economically for the survival of their European Order, as well as men, stores, food, war equipment and transport of all kinds which they can ill afford. We know that the morale of their armies has undergone a significant deterioration, that bloc surrenders are becoming common, and that Hitler's soldiers are beginning to doubt and even to ridicule his "star." We know, too, that he has failed, either from confidence or from lack of material, to prepare them for another Russian winter. Finally, we have evidence from many sources that anxiety over the Russian front has gripped not only the High Command but the common people in the Reich, starved as they are of facts and stuffed with lies; and that the resources of the Nazis in reserves of men and of transport are at last strained to serious proportions. These evidences have undoubtedly awakened among the Allies a second, a new, an unexpected surge of hope. We begin to attach a special meaning to the Delphic utterances of leaders whose wisdom we particularly believe in, such as General Smuts. We reread and reinterpret some of Mr. Churchill's carefully guarded phrases. In a word, the faint and frantic hope dawns (and refuses to stand still) that a breaking-point on a large scale may suddenly be reached, and that another new complexion may be before very long painted on the sombre scene.

Our Italian Propaganda Again.—The response by readers to my humbly expressed opinion that our propaganda to Italy may be unwisely planned, has been far larger and more favourable than I expected under present conditions of austerity. I ventured to suggest that to dismiss the Italians as cowards and as a panic-stricken rabble may not be the best way to bring them round to our way of thinking. And I even suggested that to insult their leaders with guttersnipe terms of abuse may (quite apart from being unworthy of our traditions of statesmanship, and in bad taste) be premature and, ergo, bad policy, until we are quite sure that those leaders are dethroned from the loyalty of a majority of their peoples. With these views a score of letters I have received from people of all types (many familiar with Italy) whole-heartedly agree. Some go so far as to say that there must be directors of our war propaganda with the minds of fourth-form boys and the missiles of guttersnipes. I don't go as far as that. I think perhaps we are not always as judicial and cool-headed as, even in a fourth year of desperate war, we might be, and I see the ugly and even ridiculous discrepancy between our published ideals and our daily practices. To-day when Victory is sure, we should march forward to the noblest strains and the grandest music; not to cat-calls, jeers and parrot cries. It is odd, too, from the point of view of policy, apart from taste. The experience of the fourth-form bully and the guttersnipe all points one way: the surest means of stiffening the will to resist of your victim, Smith Minor, is to jeer at his courage and to "dare" him. Even a worm turns, as every schoolboy knows.

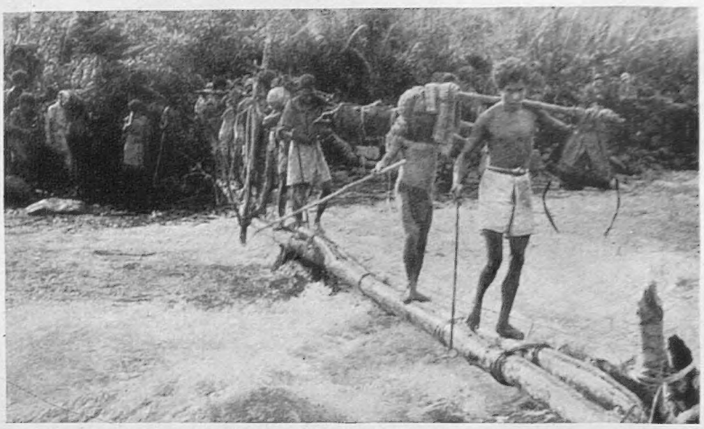
Failure of a Mission.—I met Sir Nevile Henderson, who died the other day, once or twice in his youth, and once or twice towards the end of his diplomatic career. That he had ability, ideals, brains, good manners and courage admits of no doubt. He struggled manfully against ill-health, and often overcame physical handicaps heroically. His untimely death raises again a larger question which was ventilated when he was chosen for the post of Ambassador at Berlin in the very crisis of Nazi political aggression, when war or peace hung by a hair, when it was still reasonable to argue that ignorant bullies *might* be influenced and restrained by the knowledge that, beneath the mask of peace-at-any-price, the mask of appeasement and compromise, the domino of carnival, Britain still retained an ultimate sense of honour, a stout heart, a fine resolution, a stern face and set lips. Henderson was chosen, a man with the typical arts and graces of the Edwardian diplomat, to stand for the portrait of Britain which was to be judged and viewed by an egomaniac lacking education and tradition, a gross bully, a complete cad, and a cheat and liar who could make himself (and every German who could read or hear) believe anything—Henderson was chosen, and sent away under the banner of appeasement. Those who petulantly dismiss the Diplomatic Service as the ineffective froth pushed up from the sparkling champagne of "Eton and Oxford" are wide of the mark. But a vital service which can produce two men as different as Henderson and (say) Sir Ronald Lindsay (and those men apparently readily interchangeable at vital points at vital, critical times, on some sort of departmental rota system) may with justice be called a first-class puzzle for Britons and Europeans. The powers of personal influence and authority of British Ambassadors have steadily declined from various political causes (and as a result of scientific inventions) for decades. Perhaps their influence to-day is even less than we suppose, and we do not pitch it high. Yet we may fairly argue that, in the late 1930's, Mr. Chamberlain knew enough of Germany and her leaders to know that the choice of a man to represent in Berlin a true picture of what lay beneath the mask and domino of Britain—with a faint chance of that truth exerting a restraining influence—should be decided on other grounds than personal liking, pleasant manners, fair ability, seniority and a willingness to appease. If ever character, sternness, toughness, dignity, strength, health and resolution were needed at our Berlin Embassy it was in the late 1930's. The chances for a superman were, perhaps, 100 to 1. If they were 1000 to 1 it was criminal to neglect it. Henderson represented the graces of our culture and other good qualities. Neither in mind, nor character, nor manner could he interpret to brigands our ultimate purpose, nor our essential, if disguised, toughness.

December Records.—This important contribution to meteorological science will no doubt be released when it is no longer useful to the enemy. December was in many ways a remarkable month for weather. The claim has already been made that it gave us abnormal sunshine. *That* I did not notice. But its high temperatures I gratefully acknowledge. I live in a warm and sheltered spot, it is true, but never before in memory have I saved so much fuel in December. I was able to live and work daily during most of the month without any form of fire, and the thermometer in my room never dropped below 59, and was often well over 60. What the country must have saved in fuel and light due to sunshine and high temperatures—abnormally high—I do not know, but the saving must be welcome and unexpected by the Fuel Chief. Yet this sunny month of summer weather produced what must be a record in gales, a great deal of mist, and an unusually high rainfall: 4½ in. of rain had fallen before Christmas and, though the year's total up to Christmas was still well below the average (no more than 31·38 against an average of more than 35 in the past ten years), yet the floods out on December 22 were more extensive than I have ever seen them in these parts.

THE OLD STAGER

WARFARE IN THE PAPUAN JUNGLE

"WALK A LITTLE, WADE A LITTLE, SWIM A LITTLE." With full packs, U.S. soldiers ford a stream in New Guinea, followed up by native porters carrying their equipment and supplies. U.S. troops in this area have made use of every type of transportation, from aircraft and boats to their own tired feet!



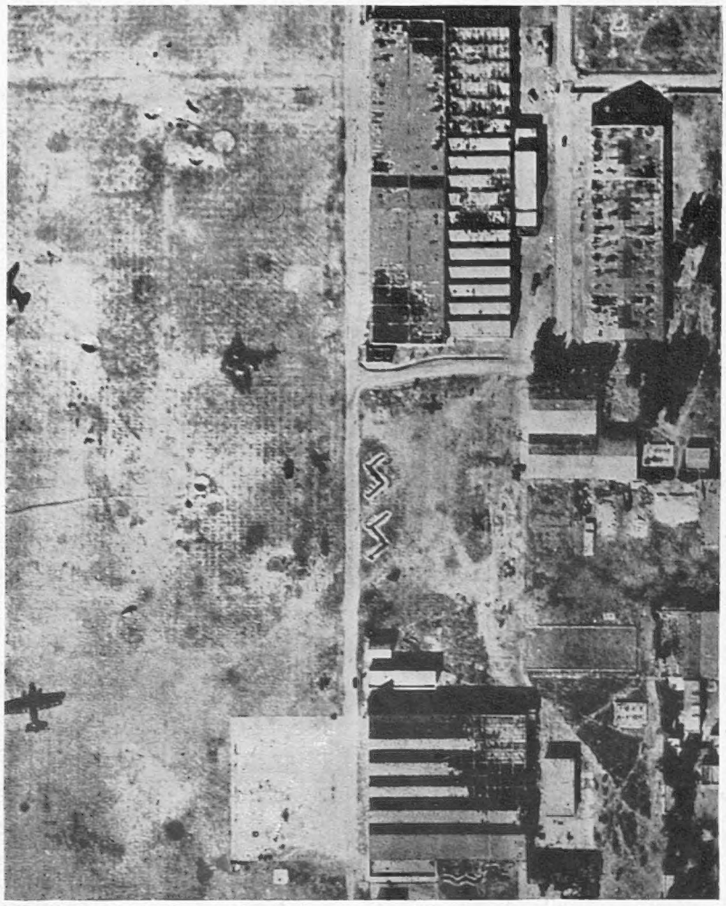
SURE-FOOTED NATIVES CARRY EQUIPMENT AND AMMUNITION across a log bridge in the heart of the jungle. After being flown in to the northern part of the island, the U.S. and Australian soldiers had to hike for six days through dense country before engaging the Japs at Buna

"FLY A LITTLE, WALK THE REST!": U.S. infantrymen start out on a two-days march across New Guinea to take up advanced positions against the Japs. Flown part of the way in huge aircraft (in the background), they must now walk through heavy jungle for the rest of the way

INFANTRYMEN OR TIGHT-ROPE WALKERS? This bridge in New Guinea was built by the natives out of logs tied with lianas. It spans one of the scores of rivers with which this difficult jungle country is crossed.

AMERICAN TROOPS USE NATIVE CANOES FOR TRAVELLING THROUGH THE HEART OF THE PAPUAN JUNGLE, where roads are scarce but rivers plentiful. They are heading for an unnamed village, where small boats are waiting to take them on to the forward positions facing the Japs: these boats each hold about 100 men, and they have already moved many fighting units up to the front. Note the big platform in the centre of this canoe, used for luggage and passengers, and the canoe's outrigger on the right *(For further pictures of New Guinea see also pp. 50-51 of this issue)*

THE LATEST PICTURES FROM THE BATTLE FRONTS

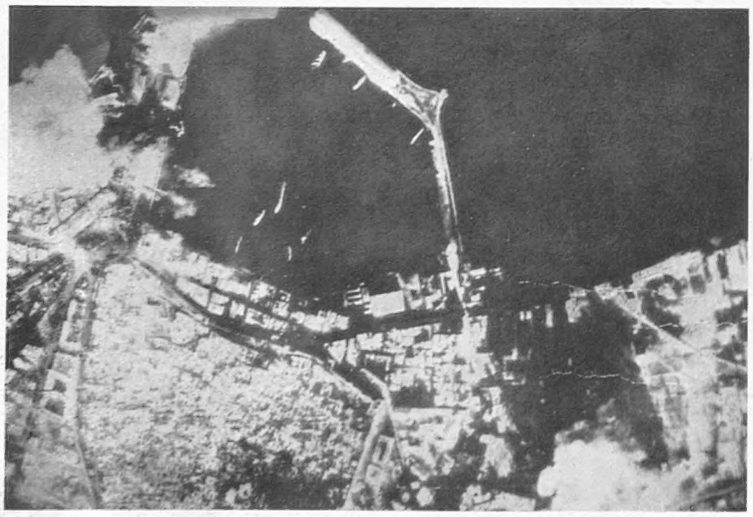


THE TUNIS AIRFIELD : Some of the damaged hangars, workshops and barrack buildings near the edge of the landing-ground after an Allied attack

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME AIRFIELD showing wrecked and damaged aircraft : These are the two first pictures from North Africa to show the damage resulting from Allied air attacks on El Aouina airfield at Tunis. Many of the enemy aircraft seen on the aerodrome above are wrecked or damaged : the landing area itself is pock-marked by bomb craters. In the lower right-hand corner are damaged hangars, workshops and barrack buildings

THE GUARDS BEAT BACK THE GERMANS IN TUNISIA : This is what the front line looks like. The two Guardsmen seen here are holding a position on Long Stop Hill, which lies to the north-east of Medjez-el-Bab. Shell-fire can be seen exploding on the German positions on the hill in the background

MEN OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS LAYING A PORTABLE METAL RUNWAY on a North African airfield. The R.A.F. have settled down with a cheerful enthusiasm which makes light of all sorts of difficulties. At many bases, even primitive amenities are conspicuously absent : nevertheless, the men are in good spirits



THE DAMAGE TO SOUSSE BY LIBYA-BASED BOMBERS : The Eighth Army advance has brought German harbours and supply bases in Tunisia within range of Allied air attack from the east as well as from the west. This picture was brought back by bombers of the U.S. Army Air Force based on Libya after an attack on Sousse : it shows damage to the supply port and bombs bursting within the target area

THE FIRST AMERICAN NURSES ARRIVE IN NORTH AFRICA : A number of the women after their debarkation. Note the steel helmets and gas masks and other standard equipment which each is wearing

NAZI " WINTER EQUIPMENT " : A German prisoner being brought in by a Red Army Guardsman on the Central Front. His equipment is largely shoddy !

VARIED EXPRESSIONS ON THE FACES OF A BATCH OF GERMAN PRISONERS. A great change is now noticed in the Nazis taken prisoner by the Red Army. Those of a year ago were confident and sure of a German victory : the men captured to-day seem dispirited and with the fear of defeat hanging over them. Most of them are glad to be out of the war and its hardships. Many of the Germans fighting in the bitter Russian winter must be wondering when the warm clothing and equipment promised by Hitler will arrive. The man on the left had torn and shoddy clothing ; one foot only had a boot, the other was merely bound with rags. Some of the German prisoners contrast sadly with their well-clad and well-equipped Russian captors

HALF-WAY TO SIRTE : A British Army vehicle passes the Nufilia sign, indicating that the point is equidistant between that place and El Agheila, with Tripoli under 400 miles away

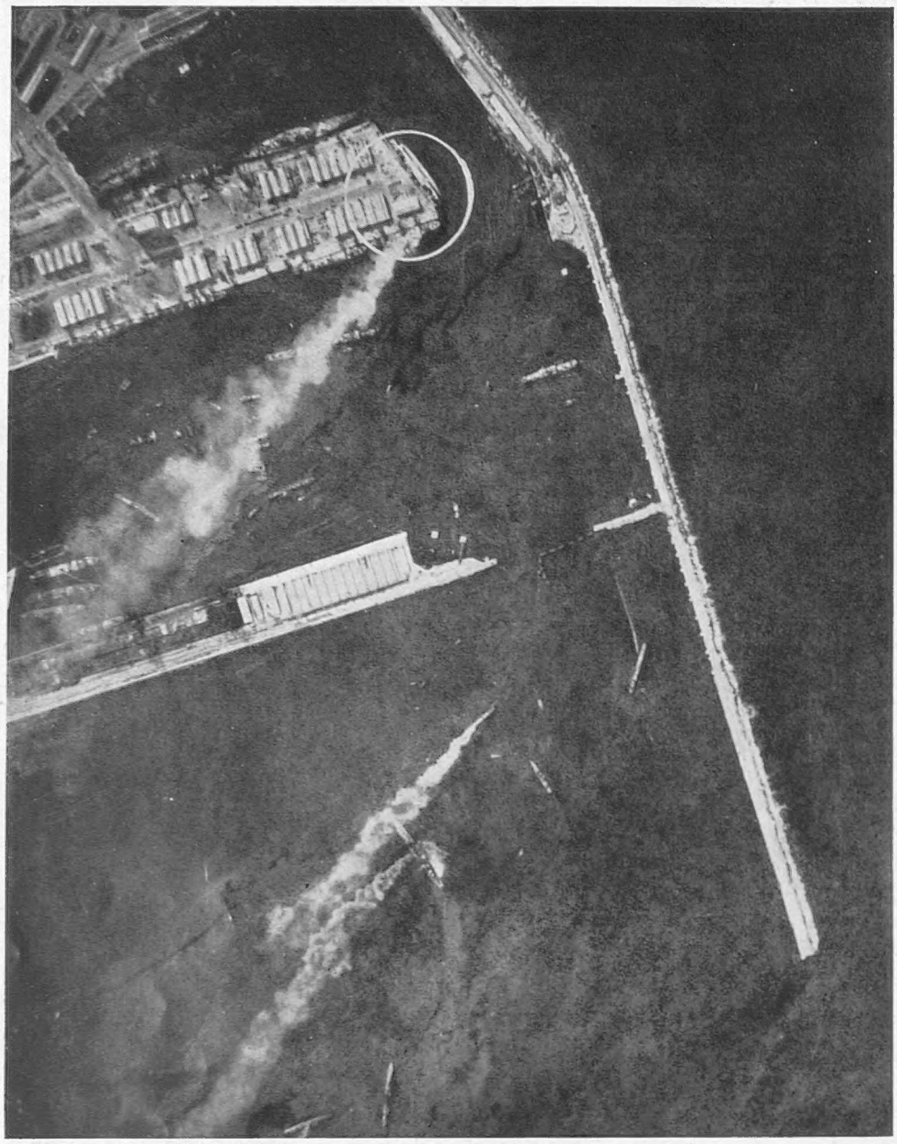
THE MOSQUE SQUARE AT NUFILIA, with an Italian monument set in its centre. This was the first town in Tripolitania proper to be occupied by the Eighth Army

FLARES AND FLAK OVER BENGHAZI during an enemy night raid. This port is quickly being put into working condition again : supplies are already arriving in large quantities from Alexandria for the rapidly advancing Eighth Army

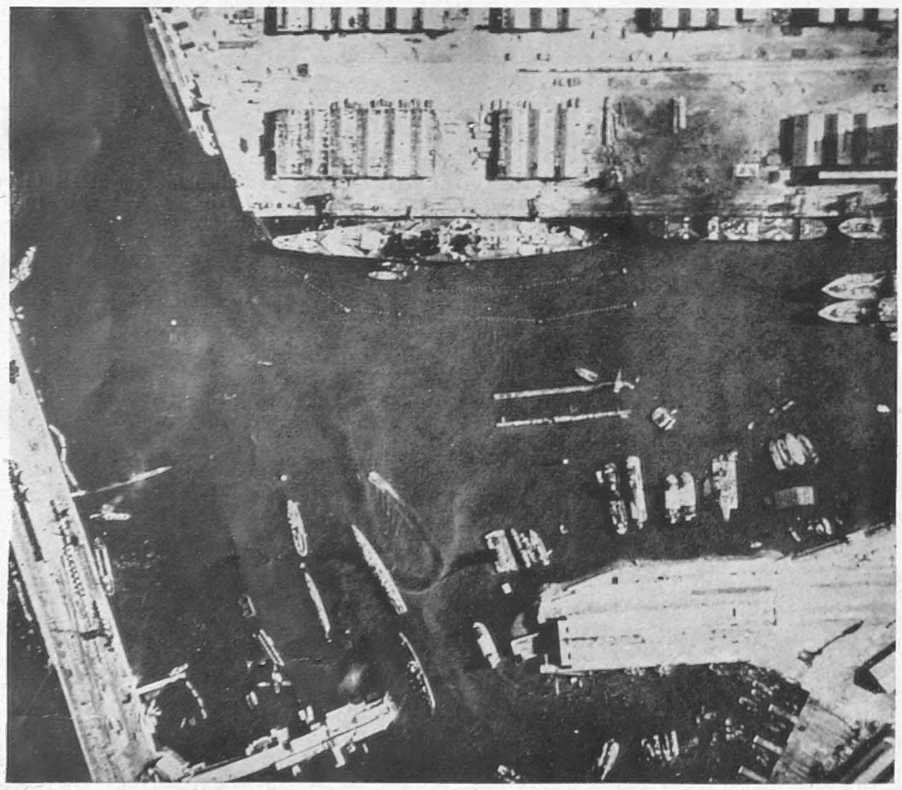
IN NUFILIA : A native inhabitant reading one of the posters put up by the British military authorities in the town. Nufilia stands at an important junction of the ways in the desert

WHEN THE U.S. ATTACKED AT CASABLANCA

Pictures Which Show the Damage Inflicted by the Navy and Air Force



A PICTURE TAKEN BY A U.S. NAVAL RECONNAISSANCE PLANE: The morning after the first attack on Casablanca, the French merchant ship "Porthos" (in circle) was seen to be lying on its side; another ship was burning at the end of a large pier. Four other ships (in lower centre) were seen to be on fire in the area outside of the breakwater of the Moroccan port

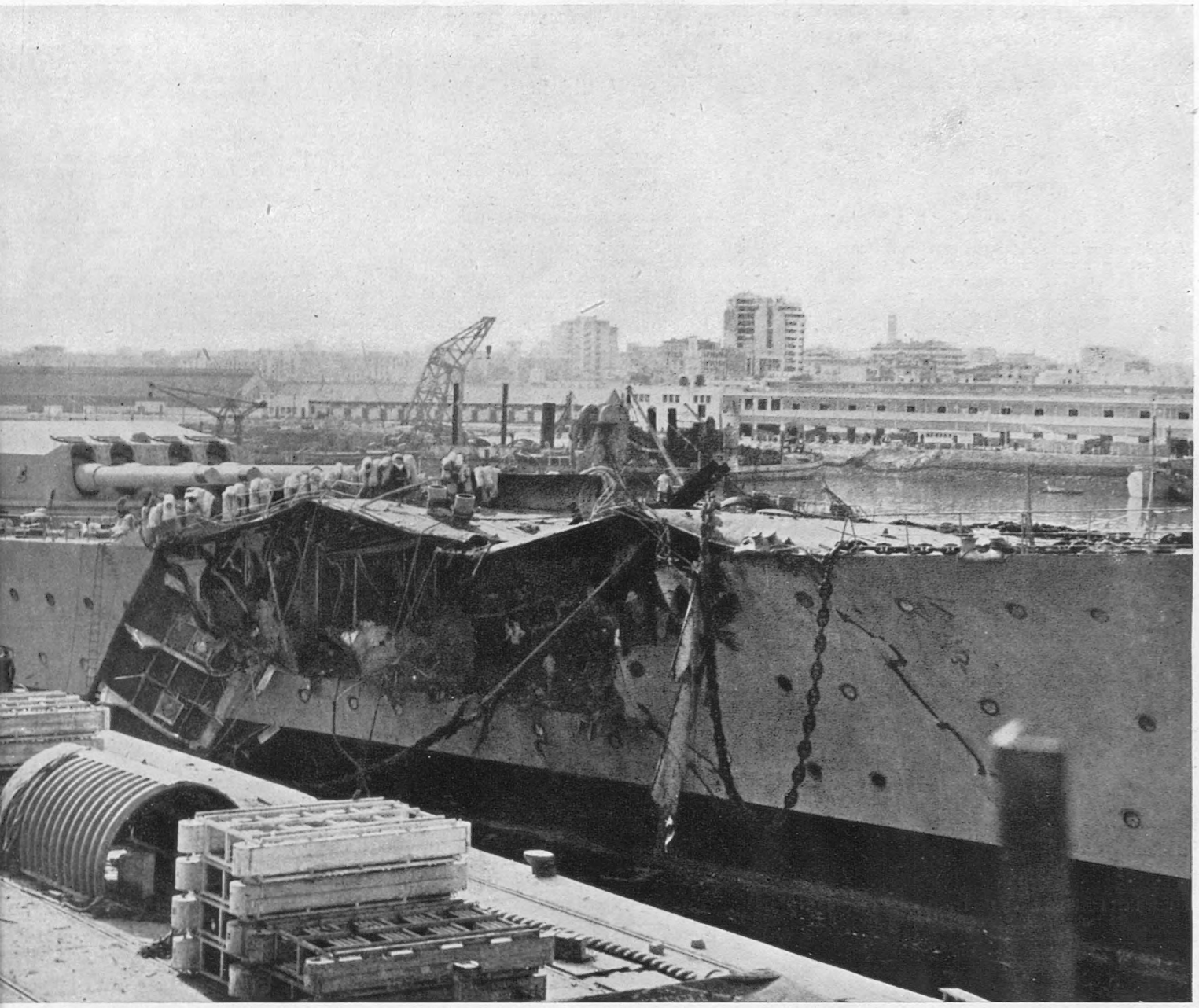


IN THE INNER HARBOUR AT CASABLANCA: The French battleship "Jean Bart" is still smoking at the pierside after a hit on her stern; another ship, the "Porthos" (upper left), is capsized. Alongside the "Jean Bart" a row of dock sheds has been smashed by the bombardment. In the right centre is the outline of a sunken dry dock; and, in the lower centre, a destroyer is lying on her side in the channel

THE BOW OF THE 40,000-TON FRENCH BATTLESHIP "JEAN BART" she was protected by a double row of anti-torpedo nets: as the both bow and stern, with the results shown in these two pictures

When the Allied forces landed on the North Africa coast, strong resistance was put up by the French Navy at Casablanca. The U.S. naval commander, Rear-Admiral Hewitt, thereupon threw in the whole weight of his battle fleet. In the result, the entire French destroyer force was wiped out, a cruiser was badly damaged, and the French super-battleship *Jean Bart* was hit by bombs and shell fire and "left a burning hulk," as one Allied war correspondent described it. Dive-bombers as well as warships took part in the action: and so vigorous was the attack that, within a few hours, all resistance came to an end. The pictures reproduced here have just been released for publication by the U.S. Navy: they show the extent of the damage to the *Jean Bart* and other vessels in the Moroccan harbour

The capsized French merchantman "Porthos" as she now lies at her berth: in the upper right hand may be seen the bows of the battleship "Jean Bart"



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF CASABLANCA BY THE U.S. NAVY. This vessel was unfinished and moored to a quay in the Inner Harbour without steam up, but U.S. Fleet steamed within range, the "Jean Bart" opened fire with her heavier armament. Her guns were quickly silenced, however, and the battleship was hit at

AFTER U.S. NAVY BOMBERS AND WARSHIPS HAD SILENCED HER GUNS: The uncompleted French battleship "Jean Bart" moored at the quayside: the roofs of the dock buildings were also blasted during the engagement, and in the background are some of the smaller ships which were crippled during the action

WITHIN the "FORTRESS of EUROPE"

Where Events are Now Boiling Up for Hitler and the Nazis

By FERDINAND TUOHY

HITLER drew one side of his "Fortress Europe" when, some while back, he referred to the 'impregnable fortifications" that he was building "from Kirkennes to Bayonne." A line traced from Bayonne through Sicily to Crete supplies the southern rampart. A third fringe is discernible running from Crete through Rumania to the Sea of Azov. And a fourth and final vaunted wall currently extends from the Caucasus up to Kirkennes. Inside these boundaries there are reckoned to be something like 300,000,000 people. Eighty million are German and the manning of the "Fortress" depends on them. The Master of the "Fortress" must deploy his Germans so that total boundary lines of 8,000 miles and more shall prevail.

Continuity of holding is not necessary; bastions here and there, as Trondheim, Calais, Toulon, Crete, are for all to see. But none knows better than the Master that every withdrawal to interior lines is an irrevocable step closer to his doom. For the Germans to obtain man-power, fuel, food and war supplies, something like those 8,000 miles must be held. This fortress differs from all others, in that its defenders can entertain no hope, not even the faintest thought of relief. That is reserved for over 200,000,000 inside the fortress, but not for its defenders.

Germans on the ramparts "far from home" are farther still from reality if they are taken in by Goebbels' tale of a self-sufficient Europe victoriously confronting external hordes of "Anglo-Saxons, Jews and Communists." We know, though, that only Hitler Youth, past and present, now pays attention to that sort of stuff. The overwhelming mass of Germans, wherever they are, all over Europe, must go by the testimony of their own senses. They live in a "Fortress" boiling against them.

In this New Year there could be a worse broadcast than one in "Salute to Resistant Europe." Had it been of smaller faith, had it failed to cling to every feather of hope borne in its direction, then Hitler might well have managed to slip over his New Order, with resultant picture to-day of something akin to a colossal fortress. As things stand, much of the Continent works for him, but only under a duress unheard of, rising to massacre; only with hate in the heart; only (with rare exceptions) just as little as it can while hoping to remain alive.

The spirit has won, and in the result this is a madman's fortress that begins across from Dover. The customary ravages of a siege are present on an unimagined scale, famine, disease and death, sorrow and separation, but for these miseries the civilians hold the garrison responsible, not the surrounding forces. This is a fortress that creaks in every joint, from Brest to Voronesh and North Cape to Naples. Forced migrations, mass evacuations, guerrilla warfare, strife among the defenders themselves, smashed communications and lessening supplies, widespread slavery and terror, combine to create a rocking Continent.

It is good to hear that the Poles have been among the first to shake the *Herrenvolk's* faith in itself. The invaders of Warsaw apparently are stumped by the "enigma" of Polish persistence in national dreams. They shouldn't be. The *Herren Professoren* who have vainly tried the scientific approach might have warned their Führer that his hero, Napoleon, bowed to the women of this nation. Polish mothers used to teach their children that Poland was knocking on the coffin lid, but would be free. That knocking endured, but faintly heard, for 150 years; this knocking echoes round the world.

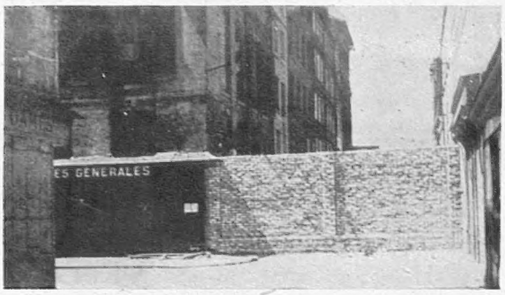
But the Gestapo and S.S. are baffled, from Governor Frank down. They cannot comprehend the disdain and contempt which ragged, starving men and women can silently emit. They stamp the louder on the Polish pavement, but are beaten by a whisper from London, faintly caught in cellars and ruins. The successful maintenance of a fortress presupposes silence save for coded military messages, but into and out of the "Fortress Europe" pour uncontrollable messages all round the clock.

Many of these messages are for the Axis garrison, which is forbidden to listen to what the world thinks of it, lest its mysticism should be impaired. "The Führer holds victory for the Master Race," drowns Goebbels. "Italians are the greatest people on earth," pipes Appelius.

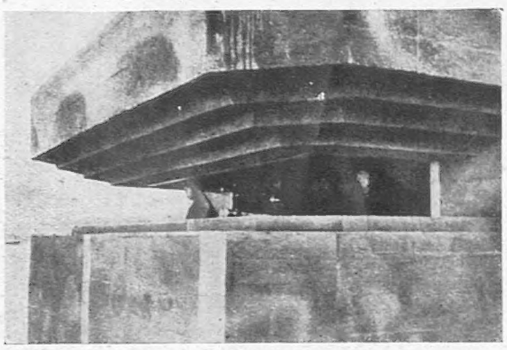
Planning the new Europe? Hitler and Mussolini together study the map during one of their infrequent meetings. On the right is Marshal Keitel; the unmilitary figure behind Mussolini is General Cavallero, Italian Chief of the General Staff

The floodlight has lately been on the Italian section of the "Fortress," which is showing signs of decomposition. While a bombing inferno rains down and a terrible exodus spreads in bleakest winter, the defences are not working, and Italians want to know why. They also want to know why hundreds of thousands of Italians should be fighting Russians near Asia, holding down Croats, Yugoslavs, Albanians and Greeks, and occupying France, when the country is threatened with invasion. For the vassals are losing their vim and mysticism in the fourth year. The Finns and Hungarians have stood up best, but now the Finns want to make peace with one whole side of the surrounding forces, while the Hungarians wish to keep their man-power for their own ramparts in case the Rumanians should resume the ancient blood-feud at first opportunity. And not only the Rumanians. The Slovaks might give a belt, too. In fact, relations in this part of the garrison are extremely strained. Nor are matters improved by the necessity for the re-emergence of the Iron Guard to keep the Rumanian people under.

A hidden German machine-gun post in France: There are many such emplacements along the coast and in the interior, and their number is growing



A picture from a French town, the whole native population of which has been compulsorily evacuated for defence reasons. This brick wall forms part of a system of road blocks, street barricades, and other obstacles against an expected British invasion



A new Nazi fortification on the French coast which serves as a machine-gun and observation post

A Nazi gun crew hauling a piece of artillery into position in the port of Marseilles, when that town was occupied by the Germans after the North Africa landings

Fears for the "Fortress": A German tank detachment rolls through the streets of Marseilles. The Southern French coastline is the newest area which must be guarded against an Allied invasion

From Oslo, where every thoroughfare now has German signs for the benefit of the Army of Occupation. Mourning crosses are frequently painted by patriots on these signs, as above

In the South of France the fruit and vegetable stalls used to be loaded with produce. To-day they are bare, and life is even harder now that this area, too, has come under the German heel

Along the western perimeter Norway, Holland, Belgium and France show not the remotest sign of wavering, and they have been joined by Denmark, upon whom the Nazis tried and tried to be their nicest. In these latitudes, as in the western Balkans, the Nazis are worried about the parachuting of arms and men into the "Fortress." When they find anything, or even when they don't, they kill innocents just to spread the proper siege atmosphere—in their case a constant aroma of death.

France, it appears, stands in need of more suffering. So says the Master Race to a people bereft for thirty months of its best manhood, and seeing the next best being snatched off for forced labour in Germany. A nation starved and at the mercy of the Gestapo and of its own traitors. A most extraordinary feature of this "siege" concerns the number of traitors listed for treatment by their fellow-besieged. Over 100,000 of the quisling fraternity, from Laval down (or up), have rendezvous already made for them. The Germans have all the means with which to inflict these prize products of Hitler's brain on the various populations. They can withhold food, they can march men and women off to forced labour, they can take hostages. But it is useless. Rather do the tormented sections of the "Fortress Europe" tend to grow bolder, as witness the refusal of Belgian judges and magistrates to function any more.

Meanwhile, at the hub of all this, the Master Race is drugging as never before. Goebbels is getting quite worried about it. Yet that is a very usual symptom in a beleaguered area. And there are so many headaches in this one which the Germans require to nurse. A new one is evidently coming from America, where Labour Unions wish to collect £5,000,000 to recompense industrial sabotage committed inside the "Fortress."

THE "FORTRESS OF EUROPE" AS PLANNED BY HITLER: This map shows the outer "fortifications." Should the necessity arise, however, the Germans may have to retire to the "inner fortifications"—which would then consist of the German frontier itself (see *notes below*)

THE LEADERS OF THE "HERRENVOLK": In the front row are Dr. Goebbels, the Nazi Minister Frick, Marshal Keitel, Admiral Raeder, and Foreign Minister Ribbentrop. The unpleasant-looking gentleman in the row behind is Governor-General Frank, the Butcher of Poland; on his left is the Nazi Labour Minister Seldte

The "Protector" of Bohemia and Moravia, General Kurt Daluege, who succeeded Heydrich after the assassination of the latter

The man who administers Nazi "justice." Otto Thierack, ex-President of the notorious "People's Court" and now Minister of Justice

The official voice of Germany is sounding a new note this winter—it is less of extending victory and more of keeping what has been gained. Hitler, it is true, occasionally indulges in a vainglorious vision of a greater *Lebensraum* than Europe, in which he foresees Africa acting as the supplier of the Reich's soaring needs. But it is at the same time evident that he is preparing for all eventualities, from the fact that he is enclosing his conquests within an outer and inner line of fortifications—making a great fortress of Europe.

The four ports of Bergen, Trondheim, Narvik, and Tromso, far in the North, have been turned into great naval bases, where Russians, Poles, Danes and Norwegians have been forced to labour. Tromso, in particular, has become a formidable fortress, with long-range coastal batteries. Not only the coastline is fortified, but intensive work has been carried out on the building of military roads and the constructing of airfields. Throughout the summer there was a general nervousness about invasion, shock troops being kept in readiness to go anywhere; but now Falkenhorst, the General Commander-in-Chief of Norway, is satisfied that the protection of Norway, aided by the rugged coast and steep mountains, is "technically perfect."

Denmark, which had hitherto been treated with favour, has now been brought into the outer defence. In October the Danish troops were cleared out of Jutland, which is the larger part of the whole country, which was then taken over by the Nazi garrison. Recently the small Danish army was disbanded, not being considered reliable, and therefore unwise to permit the use of arms. Holland and Belgium are closely guarded against invasion, but the army seems never quite satisfied and is ever preparing further defences. The civilian population have been ordered to leave a wide coastal zone, extending for a depth of thirty-five miles (a large proportion of so small a country), which is to be turned into a defensive area. Most of the important towns of Holland lie within this zone. Belgium is also having the same evacuation of the coastal area, which is having even more care devoted to it.

Three lines of defence have been arranged in Northern France, starting from the elaborate coastal fortification, consisting of hidden forts. The new coastal batteries are now protected by armoured domes capable, it is said, of resisting naval shells. These guns can be swung round to fire inland. The whole defence lies in a network of fortifications, not in a "line"—"in which an adversary would find himself trapped."

Now the Mediterranean front has to be fortified—strenuous work is being carried on all along the southern shores of France, and the whole Axis front away to the Ægean and the islands. German troops are said to be guarding the long western coast of Italy, and they are taking full control of Greece. In the Balkans the Todt organisation has been busy making what are called "Tourist" roads, but which are really strategic military roads. All the war material which Bulgaria received from Germany, and paid for, is now being recalled—guns and aircraft are necessary elsewhere.

The inner line of defence will be the Siegfried Line, always kept in a state of preparedness; the Italian-German frontier, which is being heavily fortified; and the Balkan mountains, where all the passes have been put into great strength. The Croat frontier has a continuous line of anti-tank defences and pill-boxes, constructed by thousands of workers. Where the eastern line will be is still unknown—Hitler hoped to make the Volga his permanent defensive frontier, but Russia has prevented this, and in the event of serious pressure by the Soviet armies, Hitler might have to retire to an inner fortification.

WEATHER CONDITIONS ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT

BEFORE THE SNOWS CAME, THERE WAS THE MUD. . . . A Nazi Divisional Commander's car in difficulties during the rainy autumn weather, which preceded the snows and which hampered German movements, preventing them from preparing for the Russian counter-thrusts. Many of the roads behind the fighting front are un-metalled and were never intended for use by heavy military traffic

A DETACHMENT OF PICKED RUSSIAN SKI-TROOPS, armed with automatic rifles, making their way up to the front line in readiness for a raid by night on the enemy's lines of communication. The white clothing they wear makes these men invisible amidst the winter snows; with their intimate knowledge of the country and their swiftness of movement they can raid deep into the enemy's lines

THE RUSSIAN ARTILLERY ARM HAS ALWAYS BEEN CONSIDERED VERY GOOD, and the Soviet gunners are of a superior type. Note the soldier in the foreground, with his pencil and pad, plotting the shell-bursts. Some artillerymen in the Russian Army are so expert in mathematics that they do not need these aids to swift calculation in the field

ON THE NORTHERN FRONT AROUND LENINGRAD. White-clad Russian scouts setting out on a reconnaissance with their dog messengers, which will later bring back their reports. Note that even the rifles have been camouflaged with white bindings along the barrels

A RUSSIAN MOTOR-CYCLE SCOUT, who has fitted steel runners to his machine, thus combining the mobility of a sleigh with the power of the cycle. Much of the Russian success in recent offensives has been due to their ability to move swiftly over the snow-covered and frozen countryside

GERMAN TROOPS ARE HERE SEEN MAKING FULL USE OF THEIR NOVEL MOTOR-CYCLE TRACTORS to get clear from the advancing Russian troops in the Caucasian region. Note that in their haste to make a get-away the Nazis have given short shrift to the farm tractor which was apparently blocking their road: it has been bundled lock, stock and barrel into the ditch

RED ARMY TANK-DESTROYERS ON THE LENINGRAD FRONT: Warm in their full winter kit, the Soviet soldiers are lying in ambush at a road fork, with their long anti-tank rifles

A NEW PICTURE SENT BY RADIO from the battle-area south-west of Stalingrad in the neighbourhood of Verkhne Kumskaya. Soviet soldiers are advancing to the attack against the trapped Germans

WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING DURING THE GERMAN RETREATS AROUND STALINGRAD. This picture, just received in London, shows an abandoned German transport column left behind to the north-west of the city. All kinds of equipment may be identified in this dump, which is already beginning to disappear under the deep snows of the Russian winter

BRITISH SAPPERS CLEARING THE GREAT "BALBO ROAD" (which runs through Tripolitania from east to west near the coast) of its mines, and repairing the surface where the latter had been lifted off in whole sections by explosions—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

During the approach to the enemy's positions in Tripolitania the men of the Eighth Army came on sections of the "Balbo Road" where the surface appeared to have been lifted off, and others where mines had been located at such frequent intervals that it was judged more expedient to construct a rough by-pass. Here one could see men shovelling the soft white sand from the improvised track, "looking for all the world as though they were clearing off snow in an English country lane after a heavy fall." The Germans were particularly skilful in mining the road at just those parts where the marsh comes closest on either side and where by-passing is consequently impracticable

The Eighth Army in the Desert

THE EXTENDED USE OF THE MINE

The Germans Have Used Them in Thousands in Libya and Tripolitania for Hampering the Advance of the Superior Eighth Army

WRITERS throughout the ages have discerned a gnomic quality in the German—a dog-in-the-manger attitude that leads to extraordinary acts of mean and petty spitefulness when things go the wrong way with him. This was first exemplified on a grand scale in the last war, especially at the time of Nivelle's abortive advance. Where the Germans had retreated, the land was not only devastated by ordinary martial means; it was sown with every conceivable kind of lethal booby-trap, explosive and otherwise. Thousands of trees, for instance, were half-sawn through, so that they subsequently fell at the first touch of wind. The Hun took a particular delight in treating apple-orchards thus. . . .

We have all read lately of the methods employed by Rommel to hamper our advance into Tripolitania. They are, we may suppose, "legitimate," but doubtless a typical sapper of the Eighth Army would find some more colourful descriptive term for them, as he crawls carefully forward with detector in hand, emasculating the thousands of mines and booby-traps which represent the outward expression of the "frustrated" German soul up to date.

Let us glance briefly at one of these most gallant of our modern fighting men "in action." He works in a small unit tentatively, and there is a single straight road ahead, flanked by deep sand or morass or rough rock. Now, normally, he would know where to look for the mines—a few yards either side of the road, buried thinly, and quickly betrayed in the detector by their characteristic tick—but Rommel's men, during their three weeks of waiting behind El Agheila, decided to improve on that method.

So our sappers encounter curious little pits in the actual road surface, spaced 10 to 12 yards apart. They investigate the first one with infinite care—nothing in it—and the second and the third—same result. But the remainder, about four out of every seven, are filled with "mushrooms," which will wreck the front of a lorry or car, killing or maiming horribly the driver and passengers. Well, the sappers clear this stretch, and then, just to make sure, drive down it in a lorry.

HOW THE SAPPERS SWEEP FOR MINES: Tapes are laid across the minefield, making a lane wide enough to take a vehicle. Then the lane is swept with these detectors, and as the mines are located they are promptly dug up. After the first vehicles have passed through, the lane is further widened and marked

There was one such occasion at the beginning of our Tripolitanian advance when the test was highly effective. Half-way down the road the lorry was suddenly flung in the air by a deafening explosion and the occupants killed. Investigations showed that, in addition to the lightly-covered "mushroom" mines, the Germans had placed larger mines at far greater depths—as much as 6 ft. down—and that these were designed not to explode till many vehicles passing over them had pressed the earth down sufficiently. The mine that had exploded beneath the sappers' lorry had been badly laid, and so the method was discovered.

Our men are never so angry as when they encounter the pitiful relics of such a tragedy: and to that extent the Hun defeats his own purpose. But the sappers do not have an easy life, and a modern army depends on their valour and conscientious, self-effacing work in just the same way as a fleet depends on the minesweepers. Nevertheless, it is not the Royal Engineers alone which deal directly with the nuisance and the peril.

Ordinary infantry and men of all arms were observed on the road between Mersa Brega and El Agheila to be periodically stepping aside and prodding the soil at the side of the road with bayonet-fixed rifles, then standing at a distance and firing carefully at the place they had prodded. The subsequent explosions told their tale. On a near-by airfield men of the R.A.F. Regiment were removing exactly 2,000 mines from one small landing-ground.

Then all members of the advancing army had to take care of a multitude of other dangers. The sappers would do their best to indicate where these might lie by affixing notices in the vicinity; but there would be all too many cases where not even the imaginations of sappers could stretch as far as the devilish ingenuity of the Hun. They could issue warnings about picking up articles like binoculars, or exploring abandoned food-dumps. They prevented on one occasion some infantrymen from entering a deserted dwelling where a dog, evidently unable to get out, was howling. They demonstrated casually how a wire affixed to the gate led to a concealed

charge of high explosive. They would not allow adventurous souls to mount and attempt to drive abandoned German vehicles, lest all might explode at the first contact of the ignition. They put a warning notice on a house at Mersa Brega, which three men subsequently entered to their pitiful cost.

After these experiences, there is no doubt that our men will never again "weaken," as the saying goes. They will be fully adult in the "art" of war. But it would be a pity if we allowed indignation to obscure a still more fundamental issue: that in such a use of mines and booby-traps the Germans are merely repeating their favourite device in war—the extended mass employment of something known to everyone. We shall only have ourselves to blame if we do not use our own weapons on the German scale from now on

Of all the factors which went towards our victory in Egypt and Libya, least perhaps has been heard about the British mine-detector; yet without it our advance could have been achieved only at the cost of tremendous casualties. In this war of movement, anti-tank and anti-personnel mines have largely replaced the barbed-wire entanglement of the last war: to pass tank and infantry forces across them represented a major military operation.

The sappers to whom the job fell were given the protection of artillery and smoke; with a complete disregard for danger, they went forward into the machine-gun fire of the enemy forward positions and got to work. To discover mines in the shifting sands and rough country in the short time demanded was possible only with the aid of the mine-detector.

Little can be said of this remarkable device, except that the sappers carefully sweep above the ground with it, certain sounds coming through the earphones (attached to the contrivance) they wear when a mine is present. It is then unearthed and rendered harmless. Two requisites are needed for this work—courage and mine-detectors. Our men have never lacked courage, and there has been warm praise for the efficiency of the mine-detectors.

It can be truly said that every detector reaching the battlefield represents at least one soldier's life saved and possibly a tank with its entire crew

AS DRIVERS APPROACH A MINEFIELD THEY ENCOUNTER THESE SIGNS: One half, painted white, points to the gap through the danger-zone cleared by the sappers: the other half, in red, points towards the remaining, and as yet uncleared, mines

THIS IS THE MARBLE ARCH: It lies about half-way between El Agheila and Nofilia on the "Balbo Road." In this picture, a convoy of motor transport, moving a unit up to a forward airfield, is passing under it led by an R.A.F. armoured car during the pursuit of Rommel

A WADI IN THE DESERT and one of the uses to which it can be put. In this case, it serves as the home for a Medical Dressing Station operated by New Zealanders. These wadis are the dried-up beds of rivers; their steep cliff walls are often scores of feet high and are formed of rock and sand

THE SCRUB-COVERED COUNTRY of the Western Desert through which much of the recent fighting has taken place. The rough road, too, is typical of many such

A DESERT CAMP IN CYRENAICA: This picture shows the large area of dispersal necessary to avoid heavy casualties during attack from the air, and the general lack of cover afforded by the geography of the country. Complete concealment in the desert is impossible, but much has been achieved by the Eighth Army by the clever use of camouflage

HOW THE R.A.F. ARE WAGING WARFARE, UNDER VERY ARDUOUS CONDITIONS, IN NORTH AFRICA. From dawn onwards, the fighter-pilots on their improvised airfields are ready to take the air in their Spitfires to beat back the "Luftwaffe" raiders—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE CAMPAIGN IN TUNISIA

Some New Pictures from the Front, and two Special Sphere Drawings

In the campaign against the Nazi raiders over the British First Army, the Spitfire pilots rise before dawn and are in the sky almost at once. During the day, between sweeps, they eat when and how they can, standing in mud or sitting on petrol tins in the open. Food is "laid on" for them from R.A.F. field kitchens, and if they can only keep on the ground long enough there is plenty of hot stew, puddings and hot tea. It is not unusual for pilots to leave a plate of unfinished stew, grab their parachutes and take to the air to answer a "scramble call." At night, after a good hot supper, they go straight to bed—ready for a similar day's work on the morrow. The ground crews live similar hurried lives, under difficult conditions. When it rains their life is anything but pleasant, as engines and guns have then to be overhauled in the open in mud and water. On such occasions the *Luftwaffe* bombers frequently skim down from the cloud and machine-gun the aircraftmen as they work in the open fields

GENERAL GIRAUD, THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR FRENCH NORTH AFRICA: After the assassination of Admiral Darlan, the French Imperial Council met in Algiers and—as was expected—General Giraud was appointed in his place. The new Commissioner is respected throughout Metropolitan and Colonial France for his uncompromising anti-Nazi views and deeds. It was comparatively recently that he escaped from a German fortress after having been a prisoner for many months after the Fall of France

SPITFIRE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE IN NORTH AFRICA to give additional aerial support to the Allied Forces. This picture was taken at one of the advanced airfields used by the R.A.F. in Algeria

AFTER THE ASSASSINATION OF ADMIRAL DARLAN: A view of the great crowd waiting to get into the Government Building at Algiers where the Admiral lay in state. Later the coffin was transferred to Algiers Cathedral, where it was buried in the presence of French and Allied personalities

A COMPLETE SURGERY DROPPED BY PARACHUTE ON A TUNISIAN AIRFIELD: For the first time in this war (and probably for the first time in history), British paratroops were accompanied by a surgical team complete with surgical equipment—all dropped from the sky!—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

When a body of British paratroops were dropped recently over an aerodrome in Tunisia, they were accompanied by a surgical team, complete down to its last detail—for the first time in history. Nearly all the subsequent casualties were attended by the surgery within twelve hours, three-quarters of them within six hours, after which they required no further treatment. In this way the usual chain of dressing-stations was short-circuited, avoiding the numerous re-dressing of wounds before reaching hospital. Although dropped by parachute, the surgery had all it required. Its equipment included everything that a Field Ambulance carries, though in restricted form. Nothing was lost in the descent. During their stay at the front the paratroop surgeons performed 140 operations in their improvised and camouflage hospital tent

BRINGING BACK WOUNDED FROM THE FRONT: How this task is performed in Tripolitania by Lockheed Hudson aircraft. After having unloaded urgent supplies for the Army, the empty Hudsons are then transformed into ambulances for the conveyance of wounded personnel back to the base many hundreds of miles away. By this method the transport planes maintain a dual function; both of which are of the utmost importance to an Army advancing at great speed through the trackless desert

A BRITISH SUBMARINE RETURNS TO HER BASE IN BRITAIN AFTER A VERY LONG SPELL OF FOREIGN SERVICE: "TRUANT" HAS BEEN ABSENT FOR [illegible] in the Mediterranean, Indian Ocean and Java Seas, during which time she has sunk or damaged twenty Axis ships. She was completed in 1940 at a cost of £350[illegible] by Lieut.-Commander H. A. V. Haggard, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., son of Admiral Sir Vernon Haggard and nephew of Rider Haggard, the novelist—*Drawing by Montague [illegible]*

THE COURAGEOUS WORK OF THE LITTLE SHIPS OFF THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST. The "Bomb Alley Taxis" which ply from harbour to harbour to carry vital supp[illegible] they are operated by the Royal Navy and by Lord Louis Mountbatten's naval Commandos—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

These "little ships" are being run by sailors and soldiers of Combined Operations and by the Royal Navy to supply and reinforce the Allied Fronts in North Africa. The work they perform in running a service of "Bomb Alley Taxis" is as vital and as dangerous as that of the "Tobruk Ferry" farther east. "Ships you would expect to see in peacetime on river cruises," writes an American commentator, "in the hands of Navy or Commando men are doing it again, pushing close into the enemy lines to help out the difficult road and rail communication in keeping the First Army at maximum strength. . . . The enemy finds these operations painful, for the ships are heavily armed against aeroplane attack and often have umbrellas of fighters. One string of 'little taxis' had hardly entered 'Bomb Alley' when the air alarm sounded [illegible] escorting destroyer started blazing away with high-angle 5-in. guns. Shortly after [illegible] of Junkers manœuvring above. The first bomber let go a huge flare. Then [illegible] loose. . . . Four times that night a similar battle took place. We lost not a ship [illegible] day and night, these 'Bomb Alley Taxis.' Without fuss they deliver the goods and [illegible] In the drawing above, the vessel on the left is an escorting destroyer; that on the [illegible] you would expect to see in peacetime on river cruises"

The ROYAL NAVY at WORK

—Three Special "Sphere" drawings

After an absence from home of two and a half years, during which she sank or damaged more than twenty Axis ships and steamed more than 80,000 miles, in the Mediterranean, Indian Ocean and Java Seas, H.M. Submarine *Truant* has arrived at a base in Britain.

Truant's exploits during her long cruise include going into an enemy harbour on the surface, because it was too shallow to enter submerged; getting stuck on the bottom and unable to move, while enemy destroyers steamed overhead searching for her; running the gauntlet of Japanese destroyers when the Dutch East Indies fell; sinking two out of three ships of a Japanese convoy.

The Commanding Officer during all these exploits was Lieut.-Commander H. A. V. Haggard, D.S.O., D.S.C., who is 6 ft. 5 ins. tall, and one of the tallest officers in the submarine service. He is the son of an Admiral and a nephew of Rider Haggard, the novelist.

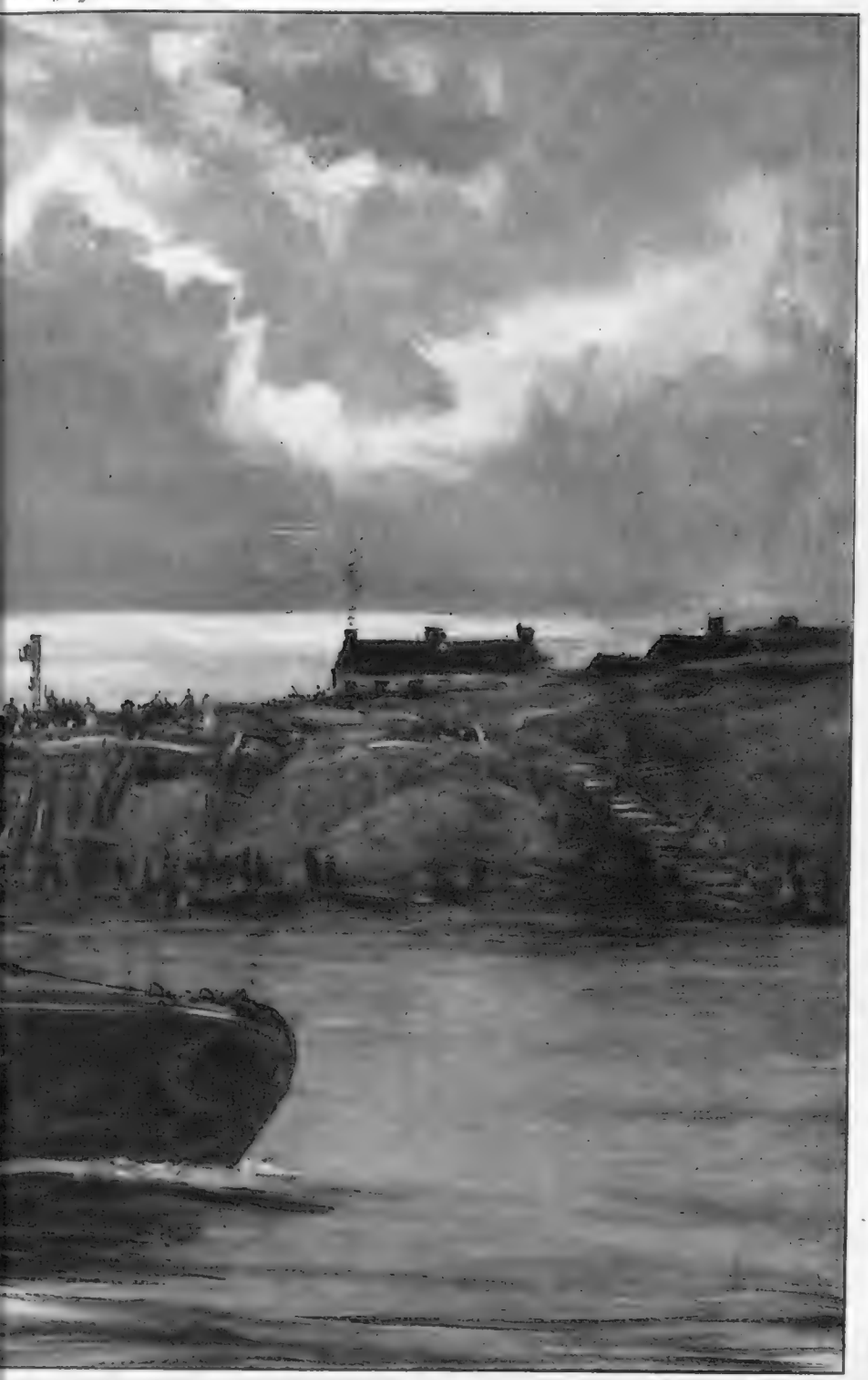
One of *Truant's* early successes was a daylight gun action against an enemy ammunition ship, which she blew to pieces: this action was carried out under fire from enemy coastal batteries on the North African coast, less than half a mile away. Later, when the submarine was patrolling in the Adriatic, she sighted an Italian convoy crawling—as usual—up the coast within half a mile of the shore. *Truant* went in to attack and torpedoed a tanker, but she was so close inshore that, when she turned round to come out again, she grounded with only a few feet of water above her. If a depth-charge had been dropped anywhere near her it would have finished her for certain.

British submarines have to work close inshore in enemy waters, but *Truant* actually entered an enemy harbour on the surface. It was a small harbour on the coast of Cyrenaica which the Germans were using to supply Rommel's army. It was too shallow for the submarine to enter submerged, so, at dusk one evening, the *Truant* surfaced just outside the entrance and steamed in. Because of the tricky entrance due to sandbanks, it was impossible to make the attempt in the dark.

When she got inside, she fired two torpedoes at a ship alongside the quay. Unfortunately, they passed under the ship, but they damaged the quay. To get out again, *Truant* had to back and fill in the harbour. It was so small she could not get round in one turn.

In May 1941, after nearly a year patrolling in the Mediterranean, the *Truant* went to the United States for refit, but she was back again on her old hunting-grounds in October. Then, in January of this year, she was ordered to Singapore. Before she arrived, Singapore fell, and she was diverted to the Dutch East Indies. She operated from Sourabaya with Dutch submarines until the Japanese invasion. Just before the port was captured, she sailed for Colombo. She had to pass through the Sunda Straits, which were heavily patrolled by Japanese destroyers. She made the passage by night and was attacked constantly. There were over half-a-dozen separate depth-charge attacks, but she got through all right.

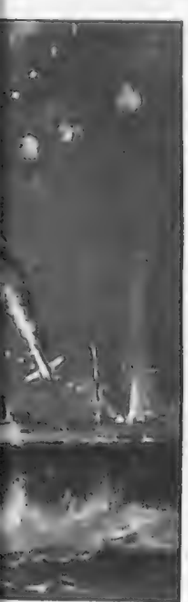
From March this year to September she operated in the region of the Malacca Straits. One night the *Truant* had a narrow escape. The Japanese thought they had got her. "When we got back to port," said her First Lieutenant, "we read in the papers a Tokyo communique claiming to have sunk two submarines. It must have been us—both times!"



Below—**NEW YEAR IN THE NAVY: DESTROYER, OUTWARD BOUND, GREETS MINESWEEPER, HOMEWARD BOUND, as they meet in the early days of the New Year**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Even in wartime, New Year is an occasion for festivities on board every British warship. The mess decks are decorated with holly—if the ship has been fortunate enough to be in a port where the men can go ashore: failing holly, garlands of coloured paper are made to serve. Special dishes, including some noble efforts by the cook to mark the advent of the New Year, appear on the mess tables, and greetings pass between ship and ship. In the drawing by Mr. McDowell below, a "J" class destroyer, bound outward on patrol, is signalling greetings to a homing minesweeper. The destroyer, in three hoists of flags, is signalling "Best wishes for New Year," to which the minesweeper replies with hand flags, "The same to you, *and* good hunting," whilst the little ship's crew give the "Victory" sign. (In the International Code—BZQ—Best; QTQ—Wishes for; QYD—New Year)

D AND A HALF YEARS
: she is commanded
(see *notes at right*)



to the First Army:

hout the ships and the
we heard the off-beat
seaborne barrage broke
. So they go on every
n with their wounded."
ht is one of the "ships

DURING THE NEW GUINEA CAMPAIGN, THE JAPS MADE MANY DESPERATE ATTEMPTS TO LAND REINFORCEMENTS ON THE NORTH PAPUAN COAST. This one was carried out at the mouths of the Kumusi and Mambare Rivers to the north-west of Buna. Hundreds of Japs were killed, and those who managed to secure a foothold are believed to have had no food or ammunition beyond what each man brought with him. The supporting Jap warships fled from the repeated bomb attacks of the Allies—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

On December 13 the Japs decided to attempt a landing on the New Guinea coast to bring help to the sore-pressed garrison in the Buna-Gona triangle. It was not a success! Aircraft shuttling back and forth pounded the enemy invaders incessantly, and the slaughter was immense. Many motor-driven landing barges, some packed with 300 men each, were sunk outright or set on fire: Japs who attempted to swim ashore were remorselessly attacked by low-flying Allied fighters with machine guns. Rafts made of empty fuel barrels lashed together, and piled with ammunition and stores were blown up or set on fire. Some of them drifted out to sea. A few reached the shore and were unloaded by handfuls of men who had survived the air attack, but every one of the small dumps had been destroyed before the action ended late in the afternoon. By this time, too, all the landing barges had been sunk. The sea was dotted with innumerable bodies of dead Japanese soldiers floating with their kit still strapped to their backs. Of the troops who got ashore it is believed that they have no supplies of food or ammunition other than those which each man carried. The warships themselves, which should have "covered" the Jap landing, were so damaged by bomb hits and near misses that they eventually fled!

BITTER FIGHTING in NEW GUINEA

The Grimmer Aspects of the Papuan Campaign—Japanese Fatalism, and the Hardships Faced by our Own Soldiers in the Jungle

HORROR has piled on horror in this war, but it is doubtful whether any of the major theatres has known the sheer, concentrated terror of the otherwise diminutive Papuan campaign. We are just beginning to learn of the extraordinary conditions under which our young Australian and American allies have been fighting in this distant abode of former head-hunters; the climate and terrain have been largely responsible, but the self-immolating tactics of the Japanese enemy have cast over the battle its peculiar nightmarish quality.

We all know why McArthur decided to take the Papuan offensive: to prevent the enemy from securing a final spring-board for the invasion of Australia. Not so many realise how cleverly the American commander and his Australian lieutenants planned the trap into which the Japanese so ingeniously fell. It had two sides: (1) a surprise outflanking movement by airborne American troops; (2) a relentless pounding of the sea approaches to the main Japanese bridgeheads.

Another invader might have fled or surrendered when these jaws closed. The fanatical Japanese, according to the evidence of a prisoner, received a direct command from their "divine" emperor to fight to the death. One may consider it a pity that that potentate could not have been transported to Buna and Gona to experience personally the conditions which his command evoked.

Finding themselves attacked on all sides save the seaward by increasingly superior forces, the Japanese took every advantage of the tangled, tropic terrain to dig themselves in. A sniper was posted in each tall tree; parties were continually sent out to harass the attackers. But the basic defence method was that of the "fox-hole," the dug-out of the last war adapted with amazing ingenuity to local conditions. These "fox-holes" consisted of pits dug deeply into the ground, and roofed with successive layers of green logs, earth and sand, matting, ammunition boxes and petrol drums filled with earth, finally covered with camouflage. When cement was available the little strong-points, in dozens and in depth through the jungle, were almost impregnable. Practically proof against mortar fire, they were difficult to hit with a 25-pounder, and could not be sighted by bombers, who had, in any case, to be so careful of hitting our own nearby men.

Fire-lanes were cut by the Japanese in front of the "fox-holes," and these were kept continually filled with a hail of heavy machine-gun bullets. When our men tried to charge down the lanes they became bogged in quagmires or entangled in jungle vines that had been interlaced across the ground by the defenders at night. These "fox-holes" were not, however, all. The Japanese had contrived with incredible industry to dig "slots" or shallow trenches every few yards, for their temporary use if they had to fall back. The core of their main positions at Buna, Buna Mission, Buna Government Station, Gona, Sanananda and Cape Killerton was in each case a strong-point of the heavy pill-box type, with supporting and interconnecting emplacements of concrete and steel.

THE TYPE OF "FOX-HOLE" WHICH THE U.S. MARINES USED, first at Bataan, and then in the South-West Pacific. They are usually shallow holes scooped out of the jungle

Even if the defenders had not been so fanatical, our men could scarcely have reduced these wild "hedgehogs" save in a long process of attrition. They had themselves come more than 100 miles across virgin mountains from Port Moresby, and their supplies had to come the same way. Often they had nothing to eat but biscuits for days at a stretch; nothing to drink but poisonous water. They were plagued continually by malaria-bearing mosquitoes, by leeches, giant ants and hornets. Casualties, the sick, and even the dead had to be carried bumping miles to the first temporary dressing stations on the kindly but rough backs of Papuan porters. There were fifty cases of malaria a day at one time.

BRINGING UP GUNS INTO THE NEW GUINEA JUNGLE: Reports from this area have told of the splendid part played by Australian artillery units in recent operations against the Japanese. This and the accompanying pictures give some indication of the tremendous task which confronted the gunners before they could get their guns into battle positions in the heart of the jungle. The 25-pounders were dismantled and the parts man-handled through almost trackless bush, to bring them within range of the enemy. A captain of the A.I.F. is quoted as having said that "These men were determined to beat the Japs at their own game, and they worked like slaves to keep the guns operating in the forward areas"

ONE OF THE AUSTRALIAN GUNS IN THE PAPUAN JUNGLE: The artillery units played a major part in forcing the withdrawal of the Japs from their positions in the Owen Stanley Mountains

AUSTRALIAN TROOPS PLOUGH THROUGH THE MUD AT MILNE BAY shortly after the unsuccessful invasion attempt by the Japanese at the eastern end of New Guinea

AT THE VILLAGE OF KUENADA AT THE MOUTH OF THE KUMUSI RIVER, where the Japs attempted landings on the North Papuan coast and where Allied aircraft dropped over one hundred of the new parachute "fragmentation" bombs—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The new anti-personnel bomb, dropped by parachute from Allied aircraft, played a great part in smashing the Japanese landing attempts at the mouths of the Mambare and Kumusi Rivers on the North Coast of New Guinea. Over a hundred of them were dropped by Havoc bombers, and they caused devastation in the ranks of the Japanese. These bombs are released from between 60 and 80 ft. from the ground: they fall slowly, owing to the action of the parachute, but with great accuracy. When they burst in the air, fragments are thrown over a tremendous area: when they explode on contact with the ground, they have proved powerful anti-personnel missiles. The bomb is stated to have been developed after seven years of experiment by General J. C. Kenney, Air Officer Commanding in the South-West Pacific. The village of Kuenada, where this air bombardment took place, lies at the mouth of the Kumusi River

The JAP SOLDIER in ACTION

A Summary of His Abilities and Deficiencies in the Field. By DOUGAL GORDON

THE opportunity of seeing how they behave under a little adversity is just as valuable when assessing one's enemies as one's friends. Opinions as to the merits of the Japanese soldier up to, say, January 1942, had to be based on his series of almost unrelieved successes. Since then, in two of the three fronts on which we are now actively fighting him on land (New Guinea and the Solomons), we have been able to inflict a consistent series of important, if not decisive, defeats.

One thing which emerges from these scenes of battle is that the Japanese infantryman is not easily "rattled." He can be defeated, granted the necessary conditions, and when captive looks the most dejected of all prisoners, but it is a dejection resulting from a sense of personal failure, mingled with apprehensions of what treatment might, not undeservedly, be meted out to him. It is not, or not yet, the dejection of an army that believes itself to be engaged in an operation in which success is barely possible. Every Japanese male is a long-term conscript:

JAPANESE INFANTRYMEN IN THEIR FIELD SERVICE KIT. The uniform of the man on the right is almost European in aspect: that on the left includes the slippers of the Orient, and trousers tucked into socks—*Two sketches by W. G. Whitaker*

between the ages of twenty and forty everyone is liable for service, and must complete an initial training of three years, with frequent "refresher" courses. With a total male population of about 50,000,000, Japan thus entered the war with about 15,000,000 men of military age, all of whom were trained and ready for employment as the war lords required. When their general mobilisation was ordered in September 1941, it was simply a matter of striking a balance between the needs of industry and the fighting forces and of posting completely-trained men to their units in the army and navy. The Japanese infantryman at the start of the war was thus a member of an army of about 5,000,000 strong. He had had a rigorous training designed to develop extreme endurance by forced marches and meagre rations. His equipment, though it had a mixed pedigree (Vickers-pattern tanks, Creusot-style 75-mm. guns, Italian and German-origin small arms) was good enough. Army organisation had had a moderate practical trial in the protracted "China incident." His morale had been fostered from the cradle on feudal lines, in which the value of individual existence was contrasted with the glory of a triumphant Japan. First acquaintance with Japanese psychology always prompts the conclusion that they have swallowed German "kultur" wholesale.

The Malayan campaign revealed that the Japanese had nothing extraordinary up their sleeves. The major issue was a foregone conclusion. Looking back, the main interest in the campaign centres in the side-lights. The Japanese, for example, realised that in jungle warfare there are times when a bicycle is a better weapon than a tank, that to infiltrate by small parties via jungle paths and rely on capturing heavy weapons en route may pay better than to slow down one's own advance by bringing artillery with you. If any Jap weapon could be singled out of the Malayan campaign as particularly novel, it appears to be their one-man mortar. About 18 in. long, and 2 in. in diameter, it projected a very effective anti-personnel grenade, and its high trajectory made it particularly useful in jungle fighting.

The tanks used included the small 4-ton two-men type, armed only with two machine guns, and a 14-ton, five-man heavy tank mounting a 3-pounder. On the personnel side, the Jap infantryman was seen to be reasonably well turned out from Oriental standards. The steel helmet was a cross between German and American patterns, uniforms of cotton drill, with odd knickerbocker trousers ending in puttees. Ordinary troops could be recognised by the small gilt five-pointed star cap badge. Crack troops of the Imperial Guard, who were usually used whenever particularly severe opposition was met, had the more conspicuous chrysanthemum badge. The bayonet, with which they showed themselves quite willing to stand up to hand-to-hand fighting, was of the long French sword type. Never very heavily laden with equipment, they carried much of it in bulky pouches dangling from a loose belt in front of the stomach.

For jungle fighting, patrols were sometimes met dressed only in sage-green dungarees, painted faces and straw-soled shoes. Laden with no more than they needed in the way of fighting equipment, and living off the country, they travelled fast and far, and were undoubtedly an effective force in creating disorder and confusion. As has been mentioned, they brought thousands of bicycles with them, and used them effectively. It is worth noting, too, that they also occasionally "conscripted" elephants to bring up supplies—an odd mixture!

The Japs paid the Americans the compliment of using many of their best, or Gen-Eki troops for the Philippine campaign. Their mastery of landing operations was excellent, their tank-landing craft not unlike ours. Both here and in the Solomons and New Guinea they showed a strong fondness for *ruses de guerre*, many mere treachery. Proffered surrenders, followed by ambushes were commonly reported. The teaching of parrot phrases such as "Don't shoot, Digger," or "Digger, where are you?" to Jap troops in jungle fighting was rather a naïve expedient which cannot have worked more than once, if then.

In New Guinea again they showed great skill in jungle fighting, but with a strong dislike of air attack. Dive-bombing is apparently particularly disliked, and their retreat from Kokoda to the coast seems to have been very much expedited by our local air strength. It is to this factor that the improvement of the complexion of affairs in the Pacific is mainly due.

FOUR JAP SOLDIERS WHO TRIED TO "INFILTRATE" ON GUADALCANAR. The equipment carried is interesting. The soldier in the foreground has a useful shovel, and what appears to be a wireless set on his back: one of the others has a camouflage net over his pack

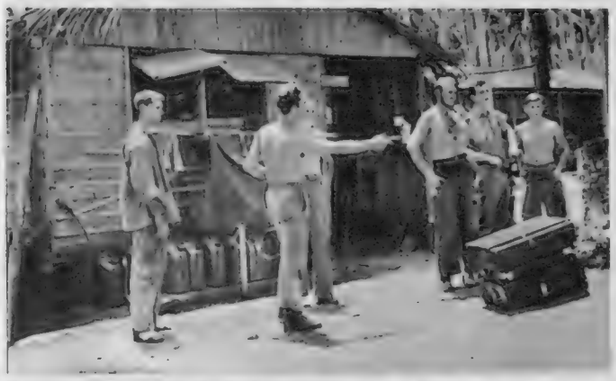
The picture on the right shows a number of Japanese soldiers taken prisoner by the Chinese in the fighting for Changsha, an important town far inland in Hunan province, about halfway between the coast and Chungking. It is interesting for a number of reasons, the first being that the men are far larger and more Mongolian in appearance than our popular idea of the Japanese. They probably come from Korea or Manchuria. Their clothing is also indicative of their possible mainland origin, for they are wearing soft Chinese slippers, gaitered trousers rather like our jodhpurs, and the heavy quilted coats so characteristic of the Chinese, who wear them to keep out the cold of the highlands and the nights. Possibly all these garments have been stolen by the Japanese en route through China. Their caps are, however, the typical headgear of the Japanese Army, and the man in the centre of the picture is smoking the inevitable cigarette. All Japanese soldiers are supplied with a handsome stock of cigarettes and sugar candy, of which they are very fond. It probably helps them out with their Spartan diet—half a pound of rice and some blackish potatoes, over which the soldier pours hot water. Neither meat nor fish nor tea is included in the rations of the Japanese Army in China, because of the cholera

THE TYPE OF JAP WHO IS FIGHTING AGAINST THE CHINESE ON THE MAINLAND. Taller than the current conception of Japanese fighting men, these soldiers are specially garbed against the cold of the Chinese interior. They were captured with 2,000 others at Changsha

The AMERICANS on GUADALCANAR

A PAGODA-LIKE SHACK ON HENDERSON AIRFIELD. This was probably built by the Japs originally: it became H.Q. for U.S. Marine and Navy airmen and survived numerous bombings

U.S. MARINES ON GUADALCANAR ISLAND in the Solomons keep abreast of the times by reading the news on the bulletin-board of the local newspaper "The Guadalcanar Dope"



HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMUNICATIONS, one of the few really substantial buildings on the island. Here are some of the U.S. Marines forming the "Tel and Tel" crew, whose job it is to keep contact with the outside world and with the various naval and marine units in the area

A JAP LANDING-BARGE BEACHED ON THE SHORE: U.S. Marines with a wrecked vessel which attempted to land troops for the recapture of the important Henderson Airfield. The latter has, however, been held by the Americans against all comers

ONE OF THE AMPHIBIAN TANKS USED BY THE MARINES: These are called "Alligators": they can proceed by land and by sea, and they are very strongly armoured and armed

THE "STORK CLUB," the name given to one of their dug-outs by the Marines. The mats in the foreground cover the entrance to the "Club" on Guadalcanar Island

THE STRATEGIC RIDGE WHERE A JAP ATTACK WAS FOILED. This ridge protects Guadalcanar's all-important Henderson Airfield: its attempted capture from U.S. "Raider" battalions entrenched here cost the Japs 600 lives. With the exception of one infiltration (later wiped out), the Marines, supported by heavy artillery, turned back thrust after thrust

By towing a "train" of six freight-carrying gliders, one German "loco"-plane can do the work of seven transport aircraft. Each glider can carry either fifteen fully-armed men or two tons of equipment and supplies

GLIDING TO WAR

A New Development, Which is Daily Growing in Importance

Described by
FRANK ILLINGWORTH

THE glider has soared into the front rank of war weapons. Since 1940 saw German glider-borne shock troops sail through the false dawn to attack strong-points twenty or so miles behind the Allied front line in Belgium, the sailplane has appeared in every campaign from Crete to Russia, from Norway to North Africa. And though at first the Allies were slow to appreciate the military significance of engineless wings, it appears that they have caught up with the Axis in the field of Service gliders.

Britain's newly-formed Glider Pilot Regiment may play a big part in the coming blitz on Occupied Europe. For months its personnel have spanned the country behind Hector aircraft, and soared, kite-like, through the dark hours before dawn in preparation for the day when silent wings swoop *en masse* at strategic points across the Channel and North Sea, and possibly northwards across the Mediterranean.

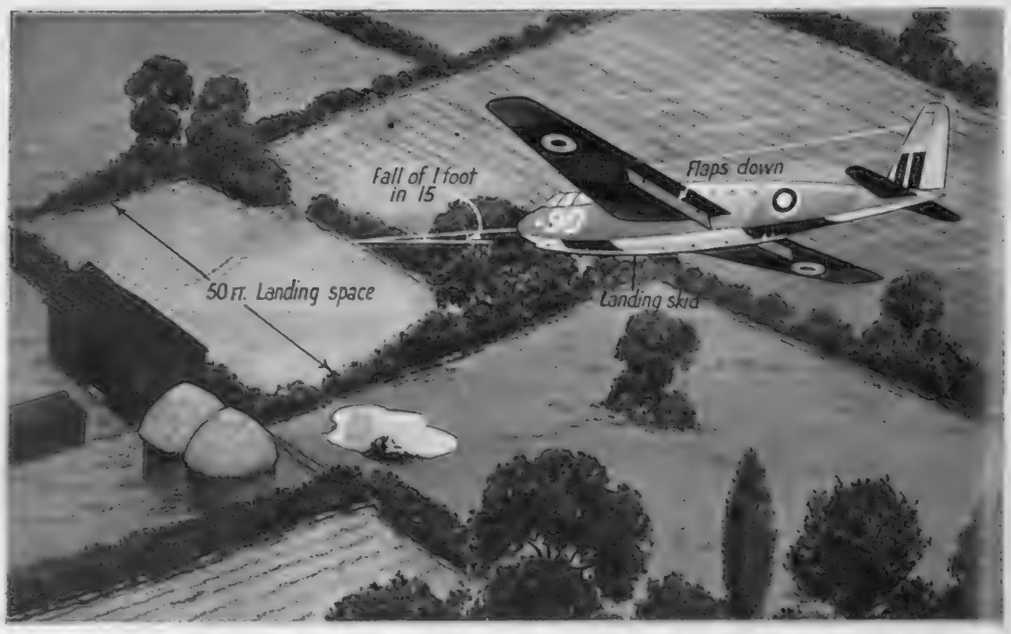
The Glider Pilot Regiment is an Army infant. But its flying training is in R.A.F. hands. Volunteers, military soarers, learn to fly light aeroplanes before our pre-war glider aces introduce them to the most graceful of man's creations—the sailplane, with joints the breezes can see but not feel. Then comes the moment when tow-planes whisk them aloft, cast them adrift to "feel the currents"—the vanguard of a formidable force designed to strike heavy blows.

In fifteen years, the sailplane has grown from an angular, flimsy toy into a weapon of paramount importance. Neither the design and performance of Britain's gliders nor their tactical purposes in Allied military schemes can be discussed at this juncture. But something approximating a parallel can be drawn from our knowledge of German methods in the field of silent wings.

Denied an air force of any size by the Peace Treaty, Germany turned to the glider in 1920. By 1928 she toyed with the theory of military soarers. And whatever were her first impressions of the sailplane's place in future wars, Kronfeldt, the Austrian ace, crystallised the soarers' military value in 1931. That year I saw him glide across the Channel to land atop Dover's cliffs within a stone's throw of the spot where Blériot touched down. *His flight proved an object lesson which the German High Command has never forgotten.* It saw Germany intensify her efforts to perfect the military glider, and nine years later, in 1940, enemy gliders were reported to be massed at Calais for the invasion of England.

Germany was credited with 5,000 to 7,000 gliders. She had already proved their value in Belgium. Yet as late as June 1941 the U.S. Secretary of War ridiculed Senator McCarran's bill sponsoring military gliding. However, the doubts expressed on both sides of the Atlantic as to the military value of the force Herr Student, German glider expert, had built up was finally dispelled by the battle for Crete.

It is generally thought that the glider, lacking speed and manœuvrability, is vulnerable to attack. Certainly power-planes find unescorted soarers "easy meat"—a fact demonstrated by Allied fighters in the



When the glider comes in to land: It can alight in a 50-ft. space, and drop to earth like a falling leaf at the rate of 1 ft. for every 15 ft. of flight. The gliders touch down—on their skids—at about 30 m.p.h. The one shown here is the new British Hotspur—*Two drawings by L. Ashwell Wood*

The night birds return home: Instructor and pupil return to the aerodrome from a training flight in the early hours of the morning

***On left*—A glider pilot leaves his machine after a night exercise. Note the manner in which the cockpit hood lifts up to allow of the pilot's egress**

A scene during night training with the R.A.F. A mechanic checks the adjustment of the tow-rope between the glider and its towing aircraft. The silhouette against the open cockpit is that of the instructor

Mediterranean theatre of war. Yet in some respects the glider boasts advantages over the power-plane. The former lacks the latter's many "soft spots"—engines, tubes, wires, movable parts, petrol tanks. Furthermore, its very silence is an advantage, and the darkness under which gliders usually operate lends cover. And in any case, when it is anticipated that gliders might meet fighter opposition, they can be given fighter protection, while from America comes news that gliders can carry their own (light) protective armament.

The glider has other advantages. It can "land on a pea-bed," and "fluttering earthwards like a leaf," dropping one foot for every fifteen of flight, it offers the sailplane pilot ample time to pin-point objectives—facts demonstrated during the Crete campaign, when a German glider crew, detailed to capture King George of Greece, *landed in the garden of the royal villa at Canea!* Touching down at low speeds (30 to 40 m.p.h.), carrying skids instead of wheels, gliders find a 50-ft. landing-ground sufficient for their purposes. Thus they are able to

A formation of Hotspur gliders in flight after they have been cast off from the towing aircraft

The clean lines of the glider are here sharply emphasised in the brilliant floodlight: A picture taken during night training for glider pilots at an R.A.F. station

deliver supplies or reinforcements to forward positions (invested by enemy troops) beyond the aid of power-planes unless an aerodrome or acres of flat ground are handy. In addition, whereas power-planes can seldom hope to reinforce forward positions undetected by the enemy, gliders have the great tactical advantage of surprise born in silence, while the loss of gliders is infinitesimal compared with that of multi-engined transports.

Gliders have proved valuable in the field of supplies. By towing six freight gliders, one *Luftwaffe* "loco" does the work of seven transport planes, with great economy in petrol, materials and man-hours. Such "trains" played a big part in reinforcing the Afrika Korps at negligible cost. Night after night in 1942's summer, glider "trains," towed by specially-adapted Junkers 52's, crossed the Mediterranean from Italian and Greek bases, each glider carrying either fifteen fully-armed men or *two tons* of military equipment.

Germany's most recent gliders are superior to the freight soarers British authorities saw demonstrated at the Wusserkuppe airfield shortly before war broke out, and to the eight-man machines the Gotha Air Company manufactured in 1938. The latter were among the gliders that swooped on Belgium in 1940. The Crete campaign saw twelve-man sailplanes 50 ft. long, with an 80-ft. wingspread, soar into action. The fifteen-man glider followed. The freight sailplane kept pace with troop-carrying soarers. German gliders captured during the early days of the French North African campaign "could carry a truck."

However, it seems that despite their late entry into the field of military gliders, the Allies have overtaken the Axis in both glider design and strategy. German glider formations have never undertaken flights remotely approximating that (which the Germans say) took two British gliders to Norway last November. From America come reports of fresh developments. Among these is a device permitting grounded gliders to be "picked up" by tow-planes for further loads, offering a tremendous saving in gliders (which the Germans usually abandon once they have disgorged their troops into action). Other reports concern gliders carrying their own protective armament.

This large glider was found abandoned in the Western Desert by the retreating Afrika Korps. Note the manner in which the machine has been secured by means of a heavy weight attached to each wing tip

BOMBING OR — BOREDOM?

The Work of London's Ambulance-Drivers During, and Since, the Great Blitz

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

A PROFOUND remark was made to members of the B.E.F. during the lull before May 10, 1940. It was this: "It is better to be bored than bombed." It is a pity that members of the A.R.P., and particularly the ambulance-drivers, do not remember this in 1943. London has had no air raids which caused casualties since May 10, 1941 (though the Gurney Street incident near Elephant and Castle, in June, caused the London Auxiliary Ambulance Service to transport many casualties injured by the year-old delayed-action bomb). As a result, ambulance-drivers, both men and women, are suffering from boredom, and, not having done any of the real work for which they were organised for so many months, many of them do not feel like doing any work at all.

Their real duties are, of course, to collect casualties when incidents have occurred, give first-aid, and take them either to the hospitals or first-aid posts, according to the type of injury.

There are 4,500 whole-time and part-time ambulance-drivers in the County of London. Of these, 3,600 are women. During the blitzes thirteen were killed, and very many more injured more or less seriously. They did magnificent work, and earned several decorations, including a George Cross. But—knock wood and *Imshallah*—nothing has happened for twenty months. No wonder that the ambulance-drivers are becoming restive. It is true that their term of service involves alternate twenty-four hours off-duty, with an extra rest-day every fortnight, and twelve days' leave per annum. It is true that, during the summer, the L.C.C. encouraged ambulance-drivers to go farming and harvesting during their duty hours, and volunteers are encouraged to dance with and entertain members of the Merchant Navy Seamen's Club. But this has not cured boredom altogether.

The latest scheme is to use the ambulances for conveying physically defective children to school, taking out midwives and doctors, and for transporting medical equipment. It was also suggested that the ambulance-drivers should use some of their time in transporting soldiers to their homes, or to other railway-stations from the ones at which they arrived on leave in London. Unfortunately, the authorities vetoed this proposal on the grounds that, if a blitz occurred unexpectedly, the ambulances would be all over the place, and could not be contacted immediately by the Control Centres.

It has been left, therefore, largely to the enterprise and imagination of the ambulance station officers (as they are called) to devise methods of making life interesting for the various ambulance-drivers during their hours of duty. Naturally, some of the time is taken up in refresher courses on gas decontamination, first-aid and the like; while the use by the Germans of a new type of explosive incendiary demanded an immediate series of courses of instruction in the methods of best handling this latest type of German offensiveness.

All this, however, was not enough to occupy the time and attention of the personnel. In consequence, the L.C.C. arranged for the ambulance-drivers to have every type of vocational training which it provides at its various educational establishments. This includes anything from shorthand to petrol-engines; and though the ambulance-drivers who take the various courses have to pay 1s. 3d. per quarter for the privilege, they can claim back the 1s. 3d. from the L.C.C. In addition to this, recreation facilities in the form of dances, billiards and table-tennis are provided, as well as a certain amount of digging for victory in the immediate neighbourhood of the ambulance station. In any event, the absence of charwomen and the shortage of cooks makes it necessary for the ambulance-drivers to carry out the usual chores of keeping the premises clean and assisting in the canteen duties.

It must be noted at this point that ambulance-drivers cannot resign except on compassionate grounds or because they are medically unfit. They are "frozen" under the Civil Defence (Employment and Offences) Order, and though the Ministry of Labour decided six months ago that they would comb-out girls of twenty-five or under, and would also forbid other girls of this age who were being directed to some more useful form of war effort joining their ranks, the L.C.C. still needs several hundred ambulance-drivers even now. For nobody knows when the *Luftwaffe* may not strike again.

The position, therefore, is that, on the one hand, there are vacancies for recruits, and, on the other, that many of the ambulance-drivers would like to resign, but cannot. This is the situation, then, of the ambulance-drivers in London and in other parts of the country where raids have not occurred for over a year. It is true that those in the provinces are not as fortunate as those in London, either in the matter of recreation or employment during their days off. But even in London (as I have already said) the provision of useful employment, interesting occupations, and facilities for recreation depend largely on the enterprise and imagination of the individual Auxiliary Ambulance Station officer.

For the benefit of those who think that they prefer bombing to boredom, let me quote three instances which occurred during the blitz:

1. During an air raid, Mr. Goshawk and Mr. Matthewman left with an ambulance to pick up casualties at premises where a big fire was raging. The road leading to the building was blocked by a sheet of flame. Without hesitation, they drove the ambulance through, and with the help of a policeman loaded the stretchers with casualties. The heat was so great that the stretchers were almost too hot to handle. After being warned by the policeman to get away before the building collapsed—which, in fact, it did just after they left—they got their patients safely to hospital and reported back to their station for further duty. Both men were awarded the George Medal on March 25, 1941.

2. At an air-raid incident on October 26, 1940, Miss Mason, without hesitation, descended into the basement of a house under a great deal of debris to reach trapped people. As she is a qualified nurse, she gave, under the doctor's orders, a hypodermic injection to a man whose legs were pinned under slabs of concrete. She remained for two hours supporting the patient, until the rescue party could release him. Miss Mason had only two drain-pipes to stand on, owing to the fact that there was a dead body on one side of the man and an injured woman on the other. On March 25, Miss Mason received a Commendation.

3. On the night of September 7-8, 1940, Miss Armitage and Miss Leverton were detailed for an incident at West Ham. Upon approaching the docks, they had to cross a bridge, by the side of which an oil tank blew up and the flames spread across the road. The leading ambulances were told to go on, as there were many women and children in great danger. Several of the ambulances decided to turn back, but Miss Armitage and Miss Leverton, together with four auxiliaries from Station T.S.5, agreed to go forward. They were detailed to rescue women and children who had been bombed out of their homes, and take them to the Woolwich Ferry. The ambulance made five journeys from the shelter to the Ferry, during which time fires from the docks were spreading across the road they had to use, and by the time they were making the fifth journey the fires were blazing near the vehicles.

Bombing or boredom? I am no ambulance-driver, but I certainly prefer the latter.

AMBULANCE WORKERS AT THE "ALERT" during the air raids on London. Their cars were stored in underground garages throughout the Metropolis

AMBULANCE-DRIVERS: Miss Ida Croxon, of Northolt, well-known jockey (on left), with her two sisters, Brenda and Stella. All three girls served as ambulance-drivers

Mrs. Fellows-Gordon (a cousin of President Roosevelt), who was in charge of a St. Pancras motor ambulance during the air raids

A MEMBER OF AN AMBULANCE SECTION, typical of the many hundreds of women who worked unceasingly throughout the blitz

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN THE NAVY

TOASTING THE KING IN NAVY STYLE : Christmas dinner on board a British battleship as the Ward-room drink the Royal Toast. The privilege which the Royal Navy possesses of remaining seated during this toast was granted to them by King Charles II : it was prompted by the restricted headroom prevailing in all naval vessels

CHRISTMAS LETTERS FROM HOME : One of the big events of the year is the arrival of Christmas mail from home. Here men on board a ship of the Home Fleet are queueing up outside the Mail Office for their letters and parcels

RE-AMMUNITIONING SHIP ON HER RETURN TO HARBOUR : The crew of the new cruiser "Argonaut" take aboard fresh stocks of shells. This vessel took part in the successful night action against an enemy convoy bound for Tunisia on December 1-2, 1942

A U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER'S "WOUND" PATCHED : A temporary repair covers a hole in the flight deck caused by a Jap bomb during a recent clash in the Pacific. The aircraft-carrier was out of action for only a short while : the crew above are already wheeling planes along the deck after the carrier's "first-aid" treatment

A SUBMARINE IS LAUNCHED ON THE GREAT LAKES : This is the new U.S. submarine "Puffer" entering the water at Manitowoc, Wisconsin. As is the custom on the Great Lakes, the submarine was launched sideways, instead of the more traditional manner followed elsewhere. The "Puffer" is the fourth under-water craft to be built for the United States Navy in the Great Lakes area

THE NAVY CONDUCTS A SALVAGE DRIVE : The floating "rag-and-bone" ship comes alongside to collect waste materials from the Fleet. Note the naval-balloon barrage seen flying in the distance

AWAY FROM THESE WARS. . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

A MIGHTY LANDOWNER.—I remember occasions in my Victorian youth when I glanced at reference books of the *Tobs* and read such facts as these: "Sutherland, Duke of, . . . owns about 1,000,000 acres in G.B." Others read these excerpts also and wrote spiteful books about these big landowners and how they came by their possessions through "wise" marriages and privileged alienations and other "bad old" acquisitions. Some of those vitriolic volumes I still carry on my shelves, among them *Our Old Nobility* and *Tales of Our Great Families*. They were "Left propaganda," as we should now label them. The years have gone by and economic revolutions (not indeed "bloodless," since they were caused by two world wars of unparalleled bloodiness) have achieved a very considerable redistribution of these privileged acres, and the great palaces which stood in the midst of them are all, or nearly all, white elephants to-day, at the disposal of any large institution, medical, scholastic or business, which will condescend to take over their liabilities and give a token payment for their potential, but unrealisable, wealth of lead and fine adornments and masonry and oak beams and silver fittings and silk hangings

DEVON COAST LAND FOR THE NATION: East Titchberry Farm and the Cove at Hartland Point, North Devon, which have just been presented to the National Trust. This property lies immediately east of Hartland and includes a very beautiful stretch of coast with a cove, whose sandy bay has been a great attraction to bathers and picnic parties. From the cliffs the view to the north-east extends to Baggy Point and Morte Point, two other properties which have also been given to the Trust. The donor of East Titchberry Farm and the coast strip is Miss Abraham, of Taunton: she is related to the Haynes family, formerly of Blagdon and West Titchberry. The farmer who has occupied East Titchberry for the past twenty-two years is retiring soon

But there is no rush into the market. The buyers know too much. So do the landlords. *Noblesse oblige* . . . and to-day those responsibilities and obligations have reached breaking-point. It is possible and wise to make a virtue of necessity, like that good woman of Saki's who "lost all she had and gave the rest to Heaven," in ending her life of luxury and fashion as a missionary.

Not that I take a low view of the motives which have in recent years prompted a large number of these big owners to public generosity expressed in the handing over of great estates and small to the nation.

The latest of these far-sighted and splendid assignments relates to the ducal palace of Cliveden and that lovely reach of the Thames which the white elephant dominates and trumpets over. Lord Astor, in handing over the historic seat of proud dukes to the National Trust, has chosen, out of several tried expedients, a method of transfer which came to us from France (where the problem grew to urgency earlier than in Britain and was even more widespread).

The French Model—Cliveden.—I recall the visit here in the years between wars of a certain French Duke, who explained to an interested audience, which included National Trust representatives, the method which French landowners had adopted to rid themselves of the most part of their liabilities of possession, and it is that method which Lord Astor has chosen for Cliveden. It is a noble effort, a patriotic, far-sighted plan (such as was Rhodes's will). Lord Astor, whatever the difficulties in the way of disposing of the great house, might have made another vast fortune by the destruction and commercialisation of the famous reach, turning it into villa sites of immense value, each with a 50-yard frontage on the Thames, each a potential vulgariser of the river's peace and grace, with wireless, gramophones and garden gnomes and glass balls. He thought otherwise. He has handed over to the Trust this noble reach, with its great palace, and an annual income to help to maintain it, reserving only the right for his family to remain in occupation of such part of the immense house as they can fill, for so long as they think fit. Having regard to the permanent hospital buildings, which the Canadian Government propose to offer to Britain after the war, the bulk of the big house will no doubt also be turned to some form of use in the cause of medical science. As for Cliveden Woods and Reach, they are assured of wise planning and their amenities are safeguarded.

The National Trust.—It remains to consider the present constitution of the National Trust. Landed bequests and assignments and gifts of ancient or great houses may prove sometimes most embarrassing gifts, even if accompanied by maintenance funds. In France there is no body quite like our National Trust. It would be difficult to find an exact parallel to its constitution and nature in England. Indeed, it is a puzzle, and already an anomaly and anachronism. It has become a great landowner *malgré lui*, and it does not carry all the guns fit for its responsibilities. It is a curious *mélange* of private venture and public utility. It wears a national label, but lacks a very clearly authorised State prescription. It has vast responsibilities and liabilities and a very insufficient and insecure revenue. No thinking man could entertain the idea of its becoming a department of one of the new or old ministries of public culture, amenity or planning. The ideals and ideas of its private directorate are far too valuable and precious. But the time has come already when the State must accept in greater measure its financial responsibility to the Trust, which to-day holds national trust property of enormous value; and the State may well be compelled to take a share of the decisions which such gifts as that of Cliveden demand.

The truth is that geography plays a great part in deciding the economic value of such gifts. "Paying propositions" they are not required or desired to be. But workable propositions they must be. It is easy to understand that a great house near Leeds, or a Hatfield or Knole or Cliveden, in easy reach of London, can be converted to amenity uses which can be justified by a reasonable estimation of the sum total of shillings contributed by city visitors. Or its proximity to great cities may justify its use for cultural or scientific objects. But if a great house lies remote from cities and population, the decision to accept it as a gift may be far more complex, unless it be accompanied by an endowment which renders it superior to the chances of public support. But let us remember that post-war civilian air-transport expansion may put a new complexion on these problems.

At the present juncture the policy of the Trust is in a state of flux. It must let slip nothing which might benefit posterity or the public. It feels a very special responsibility to accept at all hazards famous beauty spots and small properties of historic interest, but with enormous houses and properties whose upkeep is very expensive, if they fall outside the strict interpretation of "historic" or "of famous beauty," decision is difficult and will so remain until the State's degree of responsibility is more clearly defined.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE NEW LONDON PLAYS

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

The most important novelty is *The Petrified Forest*, at the Globe Theatre, which comes from America, where it had a long run. Mr. Robert Emmett Sherwood has never written a bad play yet, and this is almost (but, to my mind, not quite) his best. It deals with gangsters; yet they are only incidental (though they shoot the "hero" dead), and it is not gangster drama, but a play of ideas. Rather too many of them, perhaps, and some a little far-fetched. Nor did Mr. Owen Nares, admirable actor though he is, look the part; he seemed far too spick, and at times even span. Miss Constance Cummings gives a grand performance as the waitress—her best effort yet—and Mr. Hartley Power is duly grim with a machine-gun. Words of wit and wisdom are rapped out like the bullets from that gun, and there is a more than competent supporting cast.

From America, too, comes *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and in a totally different fashion it is just as emphatic a success. I never thought I would laugh good and hard for three acts at a yarn of wholesale murder, committed by lunatics, with lunacy and crime well to the fore throughout. But I did, and the Strand is now one of the merriest spots in London. For much of the fun a grand company should be given credit—Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Miss Mary Jerrold as a couple of middle-aged, gracious poisoners, who bury bodies in the cellar; Mr. Naunton Wayne as one of the few sane people; Mr. Edmund Willard as a very bad person; Mr. Frank Pettingell as a very mad person; and Miss Eileen Bennett as a very beautiful person.

The Romance of David Garrick at the St. James's is a rehash of the old Tom Robertson comedy in which I saw Charles Wyndham in my extreme youth. I cannot recall in what way it differs in detail, but the main theme is the same—the great actor pretending to be loathsomely drunk, and in several other ways undesirable, in order, by arrangement with her father, to cure a young girl of the sort of infatuation which in the present century would concern autograph-books and "fan mail." Mr. Donald Wolfit, whom we know mainly as a Shakespearean, gives us his version of this Garrick-cum-Wyndham mix-up, and the highest praise I can give is that he is in no way unworthy of those great names.

High up on the list of about twenty-odd Peter Pans I have seen (some of them very odd) is Miss Ann Todd, who plays the part in this year's revival at the Winter Garden. She is pretty, slim, and has the right sense of Puckishness, her only fault being an occasional tendency to be aggressively boyish and to shout. Mr. Alastair Sim is again Captain Hook—one of the best on record—and Miss Iris Hoey gives a graceful and tender touch to Mrs. Darling.

Pantomime hardly calls for serious criticism by which I do not mean that it is in any way beneath consideration by anybody. Central London has four this year. All are good and none is shabby. My vote as to the best principal boy goes to Miss Patricia Burke (*Mother Goose*, at the Coliseum), with Mr. George Gee in good form; the best principal girl, Miss Polly Ward (*Babes in the Wood*, at the Victoria Palace), with Mr. Lupino Lane; the best knockabout team, Messrs. Nervo and Knox and Messrs. Naughton and Gold (*Cinderella*, at the Stoll); the cleverest performance generally, Miss Florence Desmond (*Jack and Jill*, at His Majesty's), with Mr. Arthur Askey and Mr. Eddie Gray.

SOME NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF BRITISH ARCHITECTURE DURING THE FIFTY YEARS 1842-1892: *From a drawing by the late H. W. Brewer*

The following famous buildings are included within this drawing by the late Mr. Brewer; the name of the architect is given in brackets in each case: All Saints' Church, Paddington (W. White, F.S.A.); Marylebone Infirmary (Saxon Snell); St. Thomas's Hospita (H. Currey); Leeds Town Hall (Cuthbert Brodrick); Municipal Buildings, Glasgow (W. Young); St. Walburga's Church, Preston (J. Hansom, Founder and first Editor of *The Builder*); Picton Reading Room, Liverpool (C. Sherlock); Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool (C. Sherlock and H. H. Vale); Free Library and Museum, Liverpool (T. Allom and J. Weightman); Holloway College, Egham (W. H. Crosland); University Museum, Oxford (Deane and Woodward); Christ Church, Lancaster Gate (Francis and Francis); Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road (Paull and Bickerdike); Covent Garden Opera House (E. M. Barry, R.A.); Natural History Museum (A. Waterhouse, R.A.); All Saints', Margaret Street (W. Butterfield); Dulwich College (C. Barry); Law Courts (G. E. Street, R.A.); Constitutional Club (R. W. Edis); Board School, Latimer Road (E. R. Robson); Examination Schools, Oxford (T. G. Jackson, A.R.A.); Keble College Chapel, Oxford (W. Butterfield); Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street (J. D. Sedding); Albert Memorial (Sir G. G. Scott, R.A.); Albert Hall (General Scott, R.E.); Junior Boys' Quad and Chapel, Eton (Sir A. Blomfield and Son); Marlborough College Chapel (Bodley and Garner); Architectural Museum, Tufton Street (J. P. Seddon); Preparatory School, Beaumont College (J. F. Bentley); St. Leonard's Free Church, Perth (J. J. Stevenson); Grey Friars, Chilworth, Surrey (F. A. Walters); Spanish Church, London (Goldie, Child and Goldie); Church at Devonport (J. P. St. Aubyn); Putney Bridge (Sir J. Bazalgette); Westminster Bridge (Sir Thomas Page); Blackfriars Bridge (Joseph Cubitt and Henry Page); Union Chapel, Islington (James Cubitt); Houses of Parliament (Sir Charles Barry, R.A.); Spire, St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol (completed by G. Godwin, third Editor of *The Builder*); Headquarters of the Metropolitan Police (Norman Shaw, R.A.); the Carlton Club (Sydney Smirke, R.A.); the Royal Exchange (Sir W. Tite); St. Martin's, Birmingham (P. Hardwick, R.A., and Son); Doncaster Church, Yorkshire (Sir G. G. Scott, R.A.); Town Hall, Manchester (A. Waterhouse, R.A.); Imperial Institute (T. E. Colcutt); St. Stephen's Church, Westminster (B. Ferrey); Glasgow University (Sir G. G. Scott, R.A., and J. Oldrid Scott); British Museum (Sir Robert Smirke)

BRITISH ARCHITECTURE THROUGH 100 YEARS

Two Fine Drawings which Show its Development During the Two Periods of 1842-1892 and 1892-1942

At the turn of the year 1842-1843, the first issue of *The Builder* was produced in London by John Aloysius Hansom, an architect who designed the Birmingham Town Hall, but who was destined to go down to posterity as the inventor of the "Patent Safety Cab"—or hansom. Since that year our distinguished contemporary has reflected all the notable developments in British architecture and the British building industry. To commemorate its centenary, a luncheon was held at the Stationers' Hall, at which Lord Portal, Minister of Works and Planning; the Lord Mayor; Mr. W. H. Ansell, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects; and other notabilities were present. *The Builder* itself has marked the occasion by the production of a Special Centenary Number, from which the two fine pictures reproduced here are taken. Together, they show the progress of British architecture during the past 100 years. The upper drawing shows the purely Victorian period covered by the years 1842-1892; whilst the lower depicts some of the buildings which have been erected during the lifetime of the present generation.

BRITISH ARCHITECTURE 1892-1942: Some of the many notable buildings of the past fifty years—*From a drawing by A. C. Fare*

In this drawing the following well-known modern buildings are included: London University (Charles Holden); Westminster Cathedral (John Bentley); Belfast City Hall (Sir Brumwell Thomas); Parliament Building, Northern Ireland (Sir Arnold Thornely); Liverpool Cathedral (Sir Giles Scott, R.A.); South Africa House (Sir Herbert Baker, R.A.); Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey (E. W. Mountford); Bristol University (Sir George Oatley and Lawrence); St. Wilfrid's Church, Harrogate (E. Temple Moore); Usher Hall, Edinburgh (Stockdale, Harrison and Sons and Howard H. Thomson); Hays Wharf (H. S. Goodhart-Rendel); *Daily Telegraph* Offices (Elcock and Sutcliffe and Sir John Burnet, Tait and Lorne); Cenotaph (Sir Edwin Lutyens, P.R.A.); Australia House (Marshall Mackenzie and Son); New Scotland Yard (Norman Shaw, R.A.); R.I.B.A. Building (G. Grey Wornum); Royal Artillery Memorial (C. S. Jagger, A.R.A.); Shell-Mex House (Messrs. Joseph); Manchester Reference Library (E. Vincent Harris, R.A.); Temple of Peace, Cardiff (Percy Thomas); Wesleyan Central Hall, Westminster (Lanchester and Rickards); Britannic House (Sir Edwin Lutyens); Adelaide House (Sir John Burnet, Tait and Lorne); New Manchester Theatre (H. Farquharson and Richardson and Gill); Bank of England (Sir Herbert Baker, R.A.); *Daily Express* Offices (H. O. Ellis and Clarke, with Sir Owen Williams); Kensington Cinema (Granger and Leathart); Waterloo Station Entrance (J. R. Scott); Cardiff Civic Centre (Lanchester and Rickards); Bodleian Library, Oxford (Sir Giles Scott, R.A.); Arnos Grove Station (Adams, Holden and Pearson); Dorchester Hotel (W. Curtis Green, R.A. and Partners); Adelphi Offices (Collcutt and Hamp); Royal Masonic Hospital (Sir John Burnet, Tait and Lorne); Tate Gallery (Sidney R. J. Smith); Port of London Authority Building (Sir Edwin Cooper, R.A.); Scottish National War Memorial, Edinburgh (Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A.); Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford (Hubert Worthington); Royal Automobile Club (Mewes and Davis, R.A.); Devonshire House (Carrere and Hastings, with C. H. Reilly); Norwich Civic Centre (James and Bywaters, and Rowland Pierce); Government Offices, Whitehall (J. M. Brydon); Imperial Chemicals House (Sir Frank Baines and Alfred Cox); Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly Circus (Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A.); Piccadilly Hotel (Norman Shaw, R.A.); Admiralty Arch (Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A.); Queen Victoria Memorial (Sir Thomas Brock, R.A.); Broadcasting House (Val Myer); Underground Buildings (Adams, Holden and Pearson); Burlington Arcade (Beresford Pite); War Office (Clyde Young); Battersea Power Station (Sir Giles Scott, R.A.); Bush House (Helmle and Corbett); Luton Town Hall (Bradshaw Gass and Hope); Masonic Peace Memorial (Ashley and Winton Newman); London County Hall (Ralph Knott); Rylands Library, Manchester (Basil Champneys); Cambridge University Library (Sir Giles Scott, R.A.); Shakespeare Memorial Theatre (Scott, Chesterton and Shepherd); Worthing Town Hall (C. Cowles-Voysey); Tower Bridge (Sir Horace Jones); Hampton Court Bridge (Sir Edwin Lutyens, P.R.A., with W. P. Robinson); Waterloo Bridge (Sir Giles Scott, R.A., with Sir Peirson Frank and Rendel, Palmer and Tritton); Bexhill Pavilion (Chermayeff and Mendelsohn); Lambeth Bridge (Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., with G. Topham Forrest and Sir George Humphreys); Chelsea Bridge (G Topham Forrest, with Rendel, Palmer and Tritton)

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

GRAVITY, GAIETY and GHOSTS

The Tragedy of Malaya; Mr. Price Among the Mediums; A Children's Book for Grown-Ups; A Discursive Dachshund

THE Malayan campaign, and the loss of Singapore, remains one of the greatest tragedies of the last three years of war; possibly the greatest defeat that British arms have suffered during that time.

Mr. Ian Morrison's MALAYAN POSTSCRIPT (Faber. 8s. 6d.) is concerned with this campaign not only from the point of view of a front-line observer, but of a man who knows the Far East well from birth (his father was "Chinese Morrison" of *The Times*), and he himself was appointed Deputy Director of the Far Eastern Bureau of the Ministry of Information in 1941. At the outbreak of the war with the Japanese he became a correspondent for *The Times*, was accredited to the War Office, and lived with the troops at the front. During the siege he was one of the few correspondents in Singapore, from which he escaped to Java, and later to Australia, where he has written this book.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST CIRCUS—in a film studio! Midget Leslie Laffin, with some of the ring attendants. He is twenty-three years old and claims to be the only English midget rider. The war sent him out of the Sawdust Ring into a clerical job with N.A.A.F.I., but Circus-Master Reco brought him back as a clown, equestrian and trapezist

As his photograph shows, he is a young man; as the book proves, he is a man with a vigorous, inquiring mind who prefers to rely on his own observation rather than on the ready-made statements of others. He came to Singapore in October 1941, and left it in February 1942, a few days before the final surrender. In that time he was an active observer as near the Malayan front lines as ingenuity and an enterprising liaison officer would take him, and in close touch with the military and civil authorities in Singapore itself.

He writes as he pleases, like Walter Duranty before him, and his findings might be suggested as required reading for every British man and woman who has an intelligent interest in the course of the war. Here it is particularly relevant to quote the author: "The adjective 'British,' which it has become the fashion to employ in contradistinction to 'Australian,' will throughout refer to the Imperial Forces in Malaya, whether by race they were English, Scottish, Australian, Indian or Malay."

"The tragedy of Malaya, to one who went through it," he writes, "was that, in spite of the catastrophic nature of the debacle, there were so many men who gave of their utmost, sweated under the burning sun in swamp and jungle, worked day and night at their desks for weeks, stood firm when all others wavered, saw clearly the odds against them but faced them courageously and cheerfully, gave of their blood and their limbs and their lives."

That has been, up to this time, an aspect of the campaign that has had far too little recognition.

Of the siege of Singapore itself (and, by the way, local censorship never allowed the word "siege" to be used in despatches, only the manufactured word "besiegement," which they seem to have deemed less final), Mr. Morrison asks:

"Could able and inspiring leadership have altered this state of affairs? Perhaps the realities of the military situation were such that no leadership, however brilliant, could have made much difference one way or the other. The fact remains, nevertheless, that the leadership was neither able nor inspiring. It was a moment for a big man built on a big scale, someone who could cut through all the red tape and rally the people and fire them, if not with the confidence of victory, then at least with the spirit of dogged resistance. No big man emerged."

Visiting the great Singapore naval base, which had been twenty years in the building, and had cost us £60,000,000; which had been built to give shelter to a grand fleet; which for less than a week had harboured two British battleships which had then sailed out, never to return; most of whose huge naval guns were never fired, since they were embedded in concrete and could not be turned to fire inland, he knew that he was witnessing that afternoon one of the supreme tragedies of the war.

In summing up the Malayan campaign, Mr. Morrison draws two "simple, short morals." On the human plane, that those who have been administering our Colonial Empire, those who have been taking their profits from it and those who have been responsible for its policies and its defence, have been found wanting in vigour, ruthlessness and aggressiveness, qualities which must again be incorporated into our national life. On the material plane, that the campaign demonstrated above all things the importance of the aerial arm in modern warfare, especially when it is used in close conjunction with the naval and military arms. "This aspect of the campaign," he adds, "was extremely depressing to those who studied it on the spot."

In conclusion, Mr. Morrison sees only one thing that will impress the Japanese as they are to-day, and that is superior force. "When we can amass this superior force . . . we should strike hard at the centre of the nation's life, and thus shake the very foundations on which the whole vast structure ultimately rests."

SCREEN-STAR ANNE CRAWFORD, who had never been on a trapeze until she started rehearsals for "The Dark Tower." Circus stars, used to the colour and sparkle of the Big Top, gasped when the arc-lights blazed suddenly at the Teddington Studios. Only those with a knowledge of the big, pre-war, Continental shows had seen such a circus—tiers of theatre-boxes, plush curtains, gold brocade and a palm terrace for the musicians. All this, the most ornate circus ever built in Britain, was for a forthcoming film, *The Dark Tower*

Mr. Harry Price's career has been extraordinary—in the exact meaning of that word. As a boy he used to haunt fairgrounds, visiting all the quacks, all the conjurers and hypnotists and illusionists, and investigating their frauds and trickeries for his own amusement. It was in this way that he got the grounding that was to serve him so well later, in his lifetime of psychical research.

SEARCH FOR TRUTH (Collins. 15s.) is Mr. Price's own story of that life, and a fascinating catalogue of deceptions and detections it is. The writer has travelled thousands of miles in Europe on his quest for information, has been disappointed and exasperated almost as many times by frauds that were either patently obvious or extraordinarily ingenious, but he has never, if this book is evidence, been discouraged or bored. In fact, his zest for his unusual work seems his clearest characteristic.

Fraudulent mediums have for years been fair game to Mr. Price, and he has exposed endless artifices by which they claimed to produce "spirit phenomena." He lists a number of these tricks, some of which were calculated to produce at least one result (and that extreme discomfort) in the case of the medium herself. One such woman, for example, although dressed entirely in tights, managed to conceal a 2½-lb. snake under her arm. As Mr. Price says with some feeling, "Poor snake!"

The photographs vary between the instructive and the downright funny, as witness the study of Mr Price and Professor Joad, looking both surprised and aggrieved in a haunted bed.

I have long held the view that books designed to be read by young children—or rather, to them—should be made interesting to grown-ups as well. This prevents the said adult falling asleep, losing his or her place in the story or closing the book too early for the children's pleasure.

The supreme example of the thing perfectly done was, to my mind, the work of E. Nisbet, which, in common with hundreds of others, I still read for my own enjoyment and relish reading aloud to new and junior readers.

Mr. C. S. Forester is a rather surprising newcomer in this field, and a very effective one. POO-POO AND THE DRAGONS (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) is perhaps not the title (or the subject) one would expect from the creator of the immortal Captain Hornblower, but it is a delightful book, and, having experimented with it, as above, I can recommend it to all readers and listeners from years-old up.

The dragons are friendly creatures, "quite a fair size as dragons go, something between a duck and a motor-bus," and they are by no means the nightmare figures of other and less informed fairy-tales.

Another enchanting book, primarily for children, has been written by Mr. Edward Shanks, whom most of us have known hitherto as a poet and critic.

ELIZABETH GOES HOME (Gollancz. 6s.) is the story of a dachshund who trots round England and has a number of adventures, which she is only too ready to describe to the first willing listener. "I would like to tell you," she would open, "the story of my——," and then, with a combination of dachshund charm (which can be considerable) and Ancient Mariner persistence, hypnotises the listener into a receptive, or at least a resigned, attitude.

I thoroughly enjoyed this and so, again, did my listeners. Strongly recommended.

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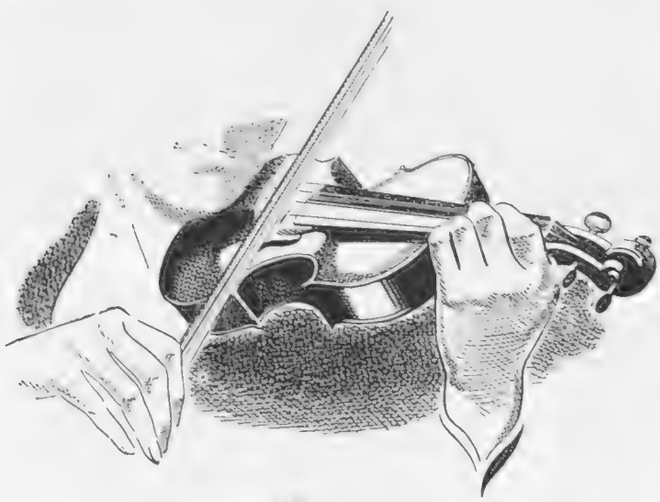

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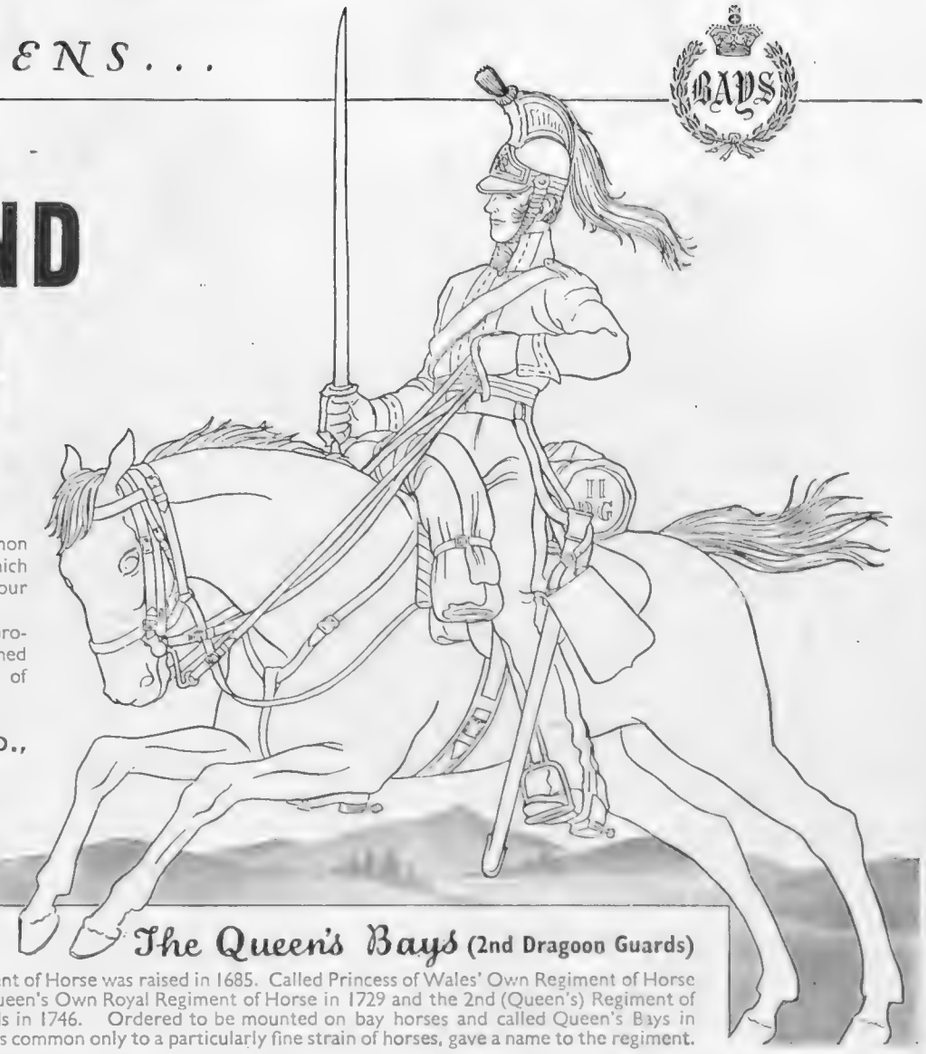

The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards)

The 3rd Regiment of Horse was raised in 1685. Called Princess of Wales' Own Regiment of Horse in 1715; the Queen's Own Royal Regiment of Horse in 1729 and the 2nd (Queen's) Regiment of Dragoon Guards in 1746. Ordered to be mounted on bay horses and called Queen's Bays in 1767. Qualities common only to a particularly fine strain of horses, gave a name to the regiment.

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However, since you are now a Squadron Leader engaged in training people for the R.A.F. you will doubtless have little time for the lighter side of life, though I have heard that the mint juleps are not to be sneezed at. Quite on the contrary. Can you get any Rose's Lime Juice out on the prairie? We can still get some here, so there is little chance of an epidemic of hangovers when the young gentlemen arrive home on leave. The Americans are taking to it like a duck to water. They certainly know their way about.

Constable Huggins got entangled in some barbed wire while keeping two suspicious characters under observation behind the Bull's Head, but his trousers have now been invisibly reconditioned. That, Sir, is all my news.

Yours respectfully,

Albert Hawkins Sergeant— Home Guard

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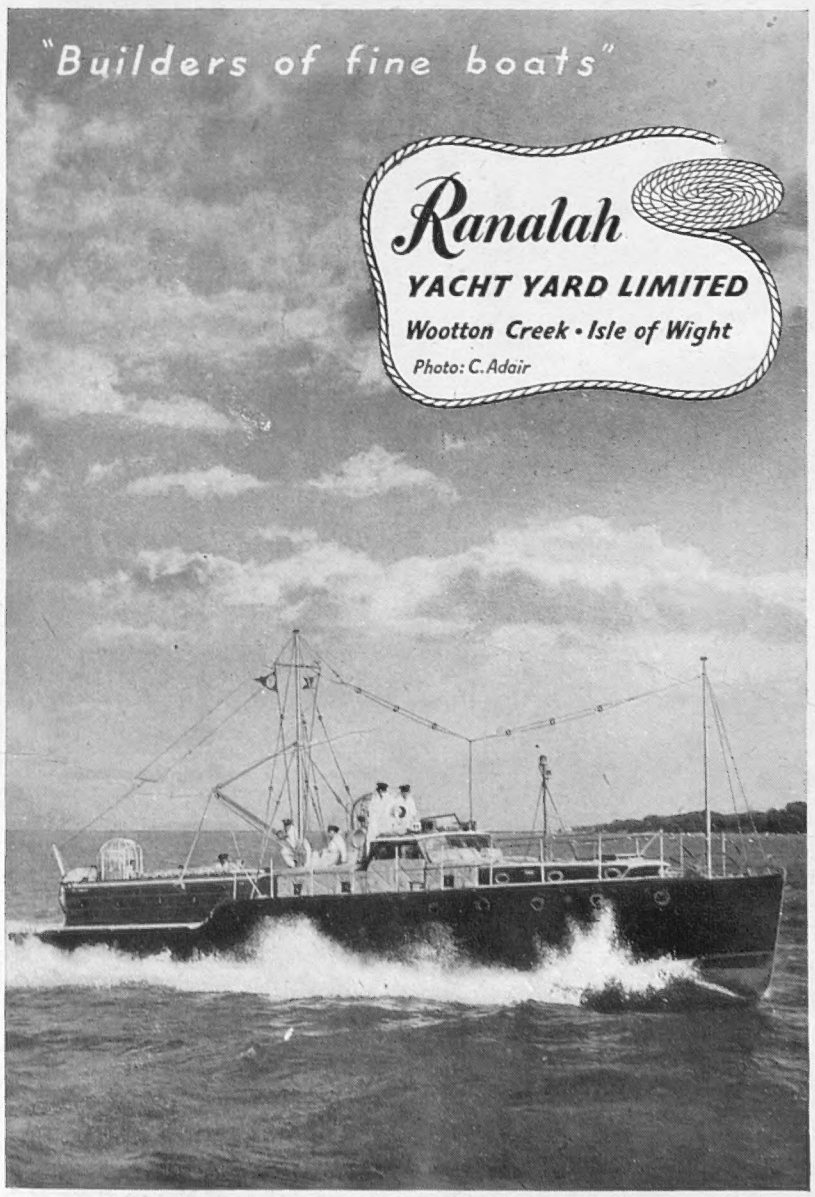

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